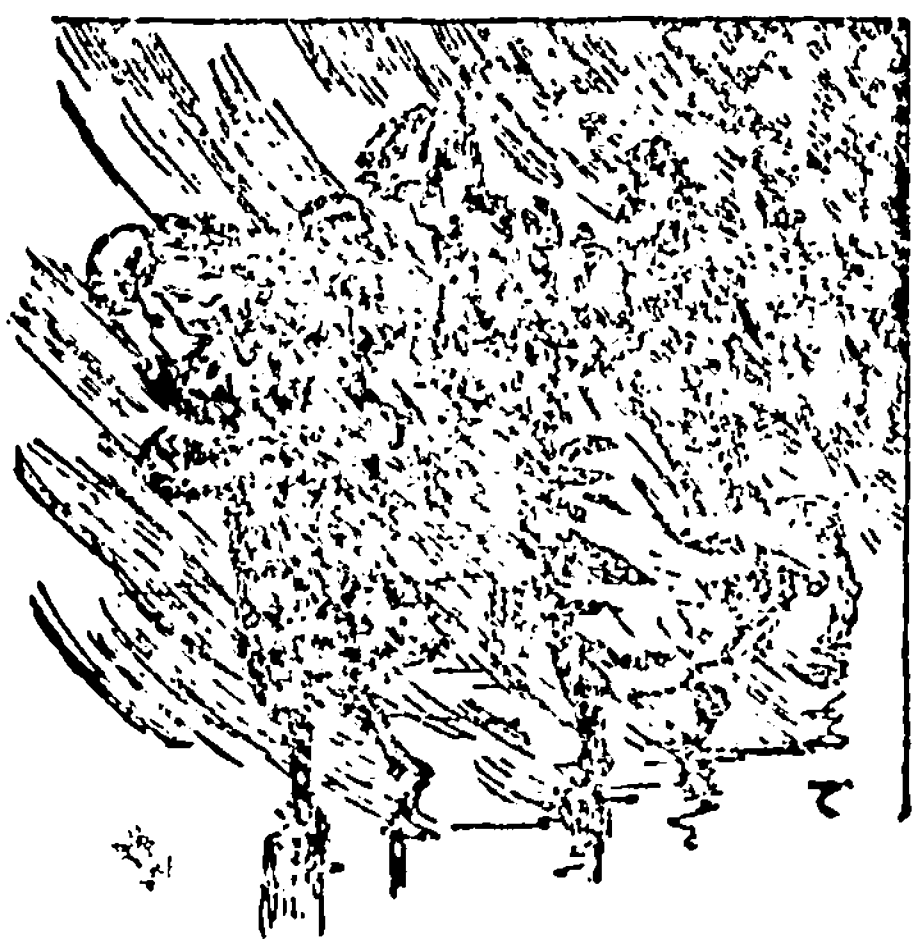




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At the first symptoms the careful person will heed the warning by taking a mild laxative; some vegetable pill that will not disturb the system or cause griping. About the best is "Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets." If the cold starts with a cough, and it persists then some local treatment for this condition should be taken. A well known alternative extract, which has been highly recommended by thousands of users, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic compound is composed of an extract of roots and herbs and has a soothing effect upon the mucous membrane, allays the irritation and at the same time works in the proper and reasonable way, at the seat of the trouble—the stagnated or poisoned blood.

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Three Drowned at Princeton, N. J.

Princeton, N. J., July 5.—Walter Stead and Frank Rule, of Princeton, and a young man named Rulong, of Philadelphia, who was visiting here, were drowned in Millstone river by the capsizing of their boat. While rowing up the stream the boat got into a treacherous current, which threw it against a rock. The occupants went overboard and were caught in a mass of river grass and reeds and carried under. The bodies were recovered three hours later.

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The enormous death toll which was feared with the first news of the wreck has been decreased by 102, that number of survivors, after many privations, having been landed at Stornoway. The Norge was wrecked last Tuesday and the first survivors were picked and landed three days later.

The horrors of the wreck itself grow with each survivor's account. Captain Gundell's statement reads like an affidavit from the dead, for he went down with his ship. He maintains that the Norge struck on a sunken rock 18 miles south of Rockall.

No tragedy of the sea has had more appalling consequences, and none has occurred in a shorter time. The passengers were suddenly aroused from their sleep, terrified by the contact of the bows of the ship with the solid granite, followed by a grinding, rasping sound as if the hull was being shored over huge rocks. Then silence, as the clanging bells brought the engines to a stop. Those of the passengers who were standing at the time the steamer struck the rock were thrown against the bulkheads or on the decks and had not recovered their feet, when a stentorian voice gave the terrifying order: "All hands on deck; hurry or you may sink!"

Mad Rush For the Boats.

Immediately there was a rush for the narrow companionways, and men, women and children pushed and struggled and made every other effort to reach the deck where the boats swung from the davits. Many persons, retaining their presence of mind, seized life preservers, only to find in some instances that the strings were rotten, and they could not be quickly put around their bodies. Those who reached the deck saw the nose of the Norge pinned directly against the rock. It remained there only a few minutes, for Captain Gundell, commanding, who had immediately gone to the bridge, gave the order to the engine room to reverse the engines. Some men of the engineer force had relatives among the passengers, and after seeing them safely to the boats they heroically returned to their stations below.

Slowly the ship backed off, and as she gained way it was found that the water was pouring into her hold. This announcement, called out in Scandinavian and presaging death, added to the supreme fright and agony. The passengers who were piled in the boats were the fortunate ones who were to escape, while the unfortunates, who saw death near, clustered in the vicinity, seething, struggling masses, some on their knees, praying, surrounded by children, others supplicating aid from any one, and shrieking for permission to enter the boats, elbowing, fighting their way to the places from which the boats were being lowered.

The sound of grinding ceased, and the bow of the Norge yawned as the steamer returned to deep water. The sea rushed hungrily into the huge rents made by the rocks in the iron hull. Swiftly the vessel began to sink by the bows. Without waiting for orders, without paying attention to their proper manning, the occupants began to lower the boats.

Life Boats Wrecked.

Two of the first boats lowered, filled with women and children, were smashed against the side of the ship, and all were drowned. When the upper deck of the Norge was only a few feet from the water it was apparent to every one that only a few minutes more and she would plunge beneath the waves. In the final crisis those who were able to remember clearly what happened, say that the shrieks and sobs died away, and that the quiet was only broken by the curses of some men, whose fear found vent in blasphemy.

Suddenly one man threw himself overboard, and another followed his example. Still another jumped into the water, and soon round the ship hundreds of persons were struggling in the sea, having preferred death in the open than to being submerged with the ship. Others determined to

stand by the ship, hoping against hope that she would remain afloat.

Three boats it is known successfully reached the sea. The passengers frantically pulled away from the doomed ship, passing by poor wretches who were still afloat and who vainly begged to be taken on board, while from the ship came long, despairing cries. The women in the boat which reached Grimsby hid their eyes, but the men who were sitting facing the Norge say they saw the captain still on the bridge, and the passengers on deck in attitudes of resignation. While they looked the Norge plunged forward, her stern shot up in the air and she disappeared. The swimmers in the vicinity of the ship were drawn into the vortex, around which they swirled like chips in the maelstrom. But 12 minutes elapsed from the time the ship struck until she sank. Captain Gundell is among the rescued, having been picked up with 70 others by the German steamer Energie.

Many Deeds of Heroism.

Many deeds of heroism shone brightly through the pall of catastrophe. That of Jans Peters Jansen, who has relatives in Brooklyn, N. Y., is told with admiration by the survivors. He was one of the engineers of the Norge. When the ship struck he learned the extent of the disaster and went below to where his relatives were and told them and those nearby to go at once to the upper deck. He accompanied them to the boats and saw them safely on board. He was urged to join them, but said he must return to the engine room, and, shouting a farewell, ran to his place of duty, where he died.

Some of the male passengers, without a thought of self, placed women and children in the boats, preferring to remain behind rather than take advantage of their strength.

The mate of the Norge, who left the ship in the boat which arrived here, seeing that it was overcrowded, leaped into the water for the purpose of swimming to a second boat not far away. He had only gone a short distance when, weighted by his clothes, his strength gave out and he sank. So dazed were the survivors of the Norge who were safely brought to Grimsby that it was difficult to obtain a connected story of the disaster. Twenty-six persons in all reached here, 19 men, six women and one child, a girl 6 years old. Every one has relatives in America. They say the great majority of those who went down were on their way to join relatives or friends located principally in the northwestern states.

Katerina Sillander, whose husband lives in Chicago, said to the correspondent: "Everything was quiet and most of the passengers were sleeping. I had left my berth and was dressing my baby. When the ship struck the first time I did not know what it meant, but when it struck again I realized its meaning. I seized my child by the hair and ran up the companionway. I threw the baby into the bottom of a boat and then jumped in myself. Some of the women on board had seven or eight children each, from whom they became separated, and the cries of these mothers calling for their missing children were heartrending. The life belts were almost useless, for the strings would not hold. When the boat left the ship there were many passengers standing on the decks begging with hands outstretched. Many, too, threw themselves into the water."

This is only a sample of the stories told by the survivors. Each one has a terrible narrative of his or her experiences, all harrowing and all conveying a vivid picture of the scenes on the sinking ship.

DARING RAID BY ROBBERS

One Killed and Several Injured at Gordonsville, Lancaster County, Pa.

Lancaster, Pa., July 2.—A sensational report of a raid by three robbers upon the little town of Gordonsville, 10 miles east of Lancaster, was received here. The robbers entered the hotel of Elmer Lane and opened fire upon the proprietor, wounding him in the shoulder. They then went to the general store of A. H. Hershey, nearby. Mr. Hershey and his clerk, Phares Buckwalter, resisted their entrance, and the robbers again began shooting; Buckwalter was shot in the back, but Hershey escaped injury.

By this time the village was aroused. A man, whose name could not be learned, arrived on the scene, armed with an axe. He struck one of the robbers on the head with his weapon, inflicting what is believed to be a fatal wound. The injured robber is in custody. He said his name is Carson.

His two companions fled eastward along the Williamsport road. About four miles from Gordonsville they came to the village of...

uel Ressler, an aged man. The old gatekeeper was standing outside. The robbers came on toward him on the run. In just Ressler shouted to them "Where's your team?" Without a word both men raised their revolvers and fired at Ressler. Three bullets struck him, one between the eyes, killing him instantly. The murderers continued their flight eastward, and at this point trace of them was lost.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, June 29.

Panama has reduced the salaries of all government employes from 10 to 15 per cent.

The personal estate in Washington, D. C., of the late Levi Z. Leiter, the Chicago millionaire, was appraised at \$3,466,610.

President Roosevelt has declined an invitation to attend the manoeuvres of the Pennsylvania National Guard at Gettysburg, July 23-30.

It is estimated that 30,000 persons attended the annual convention of the National Educational Association at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

By the explosion of a gasoline stove the home of George Corson, a double dwelling house, at Bridgeton, N. J., was burned to the ground with all its contents.

Thursday, June 30.

New York Chinese have contributed \$657 to the General Slocum relief fund.

The final detail in the payment of the \$40,000,000 to the Panama Canal Company has been completed.

Amherst College has awarded the honorary degree of doctor of laws on Secretary of the Navy Moody.

O. L. Hayes, former president of the Gallion, O., national bank, has been held in heavy bail for false entries in the bank's books.

Dr. Mary Partridge, of Bennington, Vt., committed suicide by drowning at Red Rocks, Lake Champlain, due to continued ill health.

Henry Young, night editor of the North American, one of the best-known newspaper men in Philadelphia, died after a lingering illness.

Friday, July 1.

W. H. Maxwell, of New York, was elected president of the National Educational Association.

Colonel Joseph Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture, died at Detroit, where he was visiting.

Charles M. Schwab, former president of the United States Steel Corporation, has resigned as a director.

Dr. Floyd Whitecomb, of Warren, Pa., was drowned at Frewsburg, N. Y., while fording the Conewago creek.

William H. Owen, manager of the Western Union Telegraph company at Elmira, N. Y., and his wife were found dead in their home. It is believed they committed suicide.

Saturday, July 2.

The Chicago grand jury indicted 45 bookmakers for gambling at the Hawthorne race track.

President Roosevelt has appointed Colonel Theodore A. Bingham, who will be retired this month, a brigadier general.

By having his head armor knocked off, John Metcalf, a submarine diver, was drowned in the Delaware river at Chester, Pa.

Ex-Senator Marlon Butler, of North Carolina, has resigned as chairman of the executive committee of the National People's Party.

While sitting on the track atop Charles Moncrief, of Bridgeton, N. J., a brakeman on the West Jersey road, was struck by a train and killed.

Tuesday, July 5.

The Williamsport Veneer Works, at Baltimore, Md., were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$60,000.

W. H. Quinn, a bookmaker at the Vancouver, B. C., horse races, was held up and robbed of \$8000 in cash.

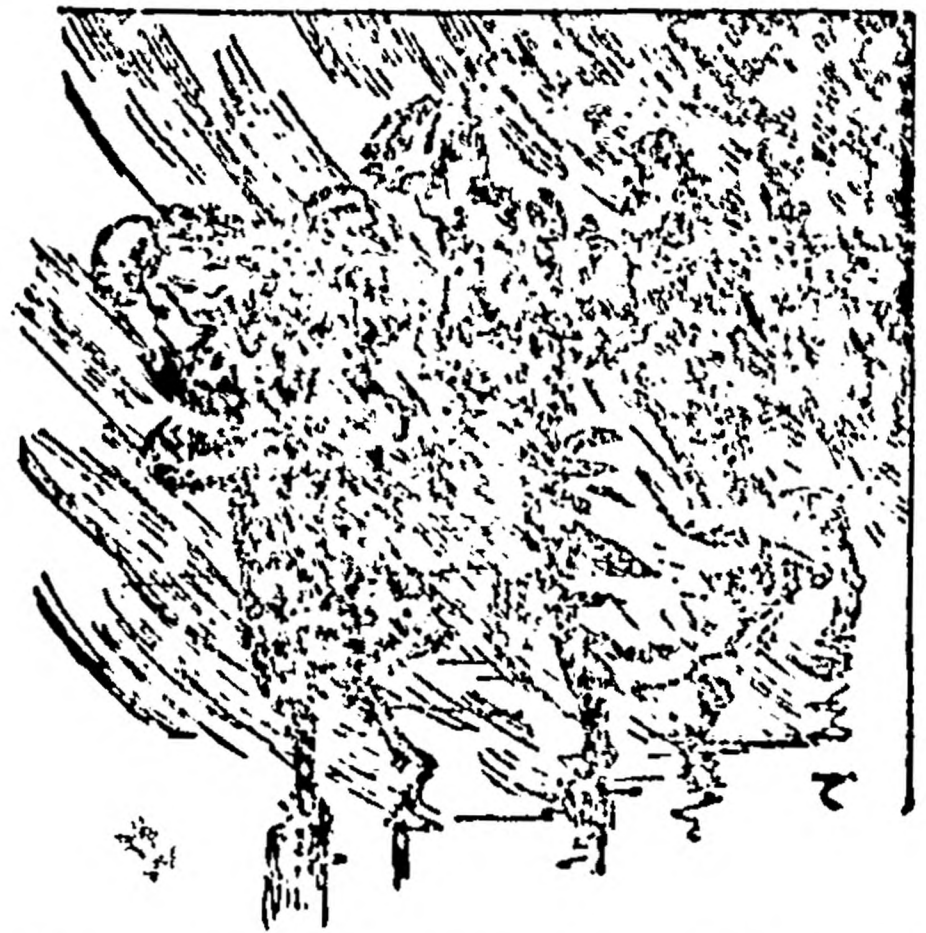
A canoe containing two girls was swept over the falls in the Merrimack river, at Lawrence, Mass., and the girls were drowned.

John Alexander Dowle and his restoration host will invade London in the near future, being carried there in a fleet of gospel ships.

William Powell, a rejected juror in the Gillespie murder trial at Richmond, Ind., became insane over the case and committed suicide by shooting.

Pennsy Laying Off Thousands.

Philadelphia, July 1.—The world force of the Pennsylvania railroad operating department has been cut 11 per cent, and all other departments have undergone a 5 per cent reduction. A statement to this effect was officially made at the company's offices. It was also announced that, starting today, the reduction will be carried throughout the entire system both east and west of Philadelphia. This affects more than 38,000 men, and is the greatest cut in the history of the railroad.



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Three boats it is known successfully reached the sea. The passengers frantically pulled away from the doomed ship, passing by poor wretches who were still afloat and who vainly begged to be taken on board, while from the ship came long, despairing cries. The women in the boat which reached Grimsby hid their eyes, but the men who were sitting facing the Norge say they saw the captain still on the bridge, and the passengers on deck in attitudes of resignation. While they looked the Norge plunged forward, her stern shot up in the air and she disappeared. The swimmers in the vicinity of the ship were drawn into the vortex, around which they swirled like chips in the maelstrom. But 12 minutes elapsed from the time the ship struck until she sank. Captain Gundell is among the rescued, having been picked up with 70 others by the German steamer Energic.

Many Deaths of Heroism.

Many deeds of heroism shone brightly through the pall of catastrophe. That of Jans Peters Jansen, who has relatives in Brooklyn, N. Y., is told with admiration by the survivors. He was one of the engineers of the Norge. When the ship struck he learned the extent of the disaster and went below to where his relatives were and told them and those nearby to go at once to the upper deck. He accompanied them to the boats and saw them safely on board. He was urged to join them, but said he must return to the engine room, and, shouting a farewell, ran to his place of duty, where he died.

Some of the male passengers, without a thought of self, placed women and children in the boats, preferring to remain behind rather than take advantage of their strength.

The mate of the Norge, who left the ship in the boat which arrived here, seeing that it was overcrowded, leaped into the water for the purpose of swimming to a second boat not far away. He had only gone a short distance when, weighted by his clothes, his strength gave out and he sank. So dazed were the survivors of the Norge who were safely brought to Grimsby that it was difficult to obtain a connected story of the disaster. Twenty-six persons in all reached here, 19 men, six women and one child, a girl 6 years old. Every one has relatives in America. They say the great majority of those who went down were on their way to join relatives or friends located principally in the northwestern states.

Katerina Sillander, whose husband lives in Chicago, said to the correspondent: "Everything was quiet and most of the passengers were sleeping. I had left my berth and was dressing my baby. When the ship struck the first time I did not know what it meant, but when it struck again I realized its meaning. I seized my child by the hair and ran up the companionway. I threw the baby into the bottom of a boat and then jumped in myself. Some of the women on board had seven or eight children each, from whom they became separated, and the cries of these mothers calling for their missing children were heartrending. The life belts were almost useless, for the strings would not hold. When the boat left the ship there were many passengers standing on the decks begging with hands outstretched. Many, too, threw themselves into the water."

This is only a sample of the stories told by the survivors. Each one has a terrible narrative of his or her experiences, all harrowing and all conveying a vivid picture of the scenes on the sinking ship.

DARING RAID BY ROBBERS

One Killed and Several Injured at Gordonsville, Lancaster County, Pa.

Lancaster, Pa., July 2. — A sensational report of a raid by three robbers upon the little town of Gordonsville, 10 miles east of Lancaster, was received here. The robbers entered the hotel of Elmer Lane and opened fire upon the proprietor, wounding him in the shoulder. They then went to the general store of A. H. Hershey, nearby. Mr. Hershey and his clerk, Phares Buckwalter, resisted their entrance, and the robbers again began shooting. Buckwalter was shot in the back, but Hershey escaped injury.

By this time the village was aroused. A man, whose name could not be learned, arrived on the scene, armed with an axe. He struck one of the robbers on the head with his weapon, inflicting what is believed to be a fatal wound. The injured robber is in custody. He said his name is Carson.

His two companions fled eastward along the W. Hanover road. About four miles from Gordonsville they came to the college road, and

uel Ressler, an aged man. The old gatekeeper was standing outside. The robbers came on toward him on the run. In just Ressler shouted to them "Where's your team?" Without a word both men raised their revolvers and fired at Ressler. Three bullets struck him, one between the eyes, killing him instantly. The murderers continued their flight eastward, and at this point trace of them was lost.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, June 29.

Panama has reduced the salaries of all government employes from 10 to 15 per cent.

The personal estate in Washington, D. C., of the late Levi Z. Letter, the Chicago millionaire, was appraised at \$3,486,610.

President Roosevelt has declined an invitation to attend the manoeuvres of the Pennsylvania National Guard at Gettysburg, July 23-30.

It is estimated that 30,000 persons attended the annual convention of the National Educational Association at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

By the explosion of a gasoline stove the home of George Corson, a double dwelling house, at Bridgeton, N. J., was burned to the ground with all its contents.

Thursday, June 30.

New York Chinese have contributed \$657 to the General Slocum relief fund. The final detail in the payment of the \$40,000,000 to the Panama Canal Company has been completed.

Amherst College has awarded the honorary degree of doctor of laws on Secretary of the Navy Moody.

O. L. Hayes, former president of the Gailon, O., national bank, has been held in heavy bail for false entries in the bank's books.

Dr. Mary Partridge, of Bennington, Vt., committed suicide by drowning at Red Rocks, Lake Champlain, due to continued ill health.

Henry Young, night editor of the North American, one of the best-known newspaper men in Philadelphia, died after a lingering illness.

Friday, July 1.

W. H. Maxwell, of New York, was elected president of the National Educational Association.

Colonel Joseph Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture, died at Deaf O., where he was visiting.

Charles M. Schwab, former president of the United States Steel Corporation, has resigned as a director.

Dr. Floyd Whitecomb, of Warren, Pa., was drowned at Frewsburg, N. Y., while fording the Conewago creek.

William H. Owen, manager of the Western Union Telegraph company at Elmira, N. Y., and his wife were found dead in their home. It is believed they committed suicide.

Saturday, July 2.

The Chicago grand jury indicted 42 bookmakers for gambling at the Hawthorne race track.

President Roosevelt has appointed Colonel Theodore A. Bingham, who will be retired this month, a brigadier general.

By having his head armor knocked off, John Metcalf, a submarine diver, was drowned in the Delaware river at Chester, Pa.

Ex-Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, has resigned as chairman of the executive committee of the National People's Party.

While sitting on the track asleep, Charles Moncrief, of Bridgeton, N. J., a brakeman on the West Jersey road, was struck by a train and killed.

Tuesday, July 5.

The Williamson Veneer Works, at Baltimore, Md., were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$60,000.

W. H. Quinn, a bookmaker at the Vancouver, B. C., horse races, was held up and robbed of \$8600 in cash.

A canoe containing two girls was swept over the falls in the Merrimack river, at Lawrence, Mass., and the girls were drowned.

John Alexander Dowle and his restoration host will invade London in the near future, being carried there in a fleet of gospel ships.

William Powell, a rejected juror in the Gillespie murder trial at Richmond, Ind., became insane over the case and committed suicide by shooting.

Pennsy Laying Off Thousands.

Philadelphia, July 1.—The work force of the Pennsylvania railroad operating department has been cut 11 per cent, and all other departments have undergone a 5 per cent reduction. A statement to this effect was officially made at the company's general offices. It was also announced that, under today's reduction, will be ordered throughout the system both east and west of Pittsburgh. This affects more than 30,000 men, and is the greatest cut in the history of the road.

AN OUTLAW TRIBE.

By Frank Little Pollock.

EARLY one September day I left the river steamer on the head waters of the Ottawa, and struck off into a wilderness broken by settlements only near the navigable reaches of the river. I was looking for a farm.

My uncle, who had been in the militia during the "Penian raids," unexpectedly found himself entitled to a quarter-section of what was known as "veterans' lands" in northern Ontario, and as he was unable to leave his business, I had volunteered to select a desirable claim. This would at the same time give me an opportunity for my customary annual camping expedition.

By way of companion I took with me a small but abnormally restless fox-terrier who had been in the woods with me before. No one can possibly be lonely in the company of a fox-terrier, and I had educated Jack to take a more scientific interest in partridges and rabbits than is natural to his breed. Having such small game and the occasional backwoods settlers to depend upon, I expected to have no difficulty about provisions, and carried merely a few pounds of concentrated supplies in my knapsack. The rest of my load consisted simply of a gun and a liberal stock of ammunition. At the end of the corduroy road, with a geological survey map as a guide, I took a half-obliterated trail into the forest.

I found settlers less frequent, the land less promising, and the woods much less penetrable than I had been led to expect. For three days and a half Jack and I threaded the tangled undergrowth, became involved in swamps, and rafted ourselves across rivers. During all this time the weather had been perfect, but the fourth day rose cold and cloudy. At about noon a heavy rain began, that presently settled into a dismal, all-day drizzle which saturated everything above ground, and produced an indescribably dreary effect of autumn and desolation.

I depressed even Jack's abundant spirits, and he trotted soberly behind me, manifesting only a slight interest in the rabbit and woodchuck burrows we passed. As for myself, I did not much mind getting drenched; but I greatly disliked the idea of a wet camp.

No shelter presented itself, but shortly before sunset I came unexpectedly upon an unmistakable wood-road, choked with "second growth," yet indicating the neighborhood of human beings. I turned up it at once, with the pleasurable anticipation of finding a clearing and a hospitable settler at the end of it; but as the road continued to show every indication of long disuse, these hopes gradually weakened. Still, there was certain to be a building of some sort, even if deserted, and, indeed, a quarter of a mile farther the road curved a little, and I saw before me the expected clearing, with the empty log shanty, black-windowed and deserted, staring drearily through the twilight rain.

It was a most melancholy-looking place, and under ordinary circumstances I should have preferred camping in the open forest. But in this weather I welcomed it and pushed through the dripping jungle of shrubbery, weeds and berry bushes that had grown over and choked a rather extensive clearing.

The door had blown from its leather hinges and lay beside the threshold; leaves had drifted into the interior, and there were many birds' nests in the inner corners of the walls. The internal aspect of the place suggested that it had been abandoned for two or three years at least, but the roof did not appear to leak—not more, that is, than was naturally to be expected.

The shanty contained two rooms, and in the larger and outer one was the great rock fireplace, still showing traces of blackened brands. A couple of small windows appeared never to have been glazed, and there was not a stick of furniture about the place. A doorway with no door led to the inner apartment, and the presence of these two rooms, I thought, indicated that the house had been occupied by a real family; a bachelor establishment in the woods usually finds a house of one room most convenient.

This second chamber was fitted with a log shelf above the doorway, and on the opposite wall another shelf seemed to have served as a sort of table. Evidently other travelers had been harbored here before me, for the floor was heaped with twigs of hemlock and spruce, now dry and rusty red.

I carried an armful of this material back to the fireplace for tinder, and split out one of the window-frames for kindling. Jack's spirits had brightened upon getting under shelter, and he was manifesting enthusiasm over a hole which he had discovered in a remote corner of the floor. From its small size I concluded that it was a woodchuck's burrow, and from the dog's conduct I imagined that the owner was at home, for he became so noisy that I was finally compelled to suppress him with severity.

A blazing fire on the great hearth made a world of difference in the appearance of the deserted house. Outside the rain still dripped dismally, but scarcely any of it came through the roof, and Jack and I supped in considerable comfort on a couple of partridges and a lump of hard bread. I was tired, and after I had dried myself as well as I could, I dragged in a lot of the hemlock twigs and lay down before the fire.

I was awakened from heavy slumber by Jack's loud barking. I must have slept a long time, for the fire had burned almost entirely out; only a few ash-covered brands glimmered on the hearth. I was greatly annoyed at the disturbance, and although I could not see the dog, I called angrily to him to be quiet.

He must have mistaken my tone for one of encouragement, for I heard him make a sudden rush across the floor. There was an outburst of snarlings, a sudden, sharp, catlike "yowl," and the sound of a vicious rough-and-tumble scrimmage in the darkness. I jumped up, wide awake now, but before I could make any further movement Jack had broken away from his enemy and rushed back to me for protection. He was whining and quivering with rage and excitement.

From the other side of the room, from his unseen antagonist, I could hear a low, purring growl, rising occasionally to a shrill snarl, like that of a belligerent tom-cat. Although I could make out neither form nor outline of the animal, I was presently able to distinguish a pale greenish glimmer of eyes.

It was not difficult to identify their owner. It could be nothing but a lynx, I thought, that had strayed in some way into the cabin. So I was not particularly alarmed, for the Canada lynx is neither very ferocious nor hard to kill, and I picked up my gun from the wall and cocked it. At the click the eyes seemed to regard me more intently, and the growling snarl rose a note or two. I aimed squarely between the phosphorescent points and pulled the trigger.

The flash blinded me, and I could see nothing. A savage snarl followed the shot, and Jack dashed yelping into the smoke. There was a confused scampering of feet across the boards toward the inner doorway and more outcries from the dog, who seemed to have followed his wounded antagonist into the second chamber.

I tried to poke up the fire, but it was too nearly extinct, and I lighted a match. The room was empty, but in the middle of a shot-torn space on the roughly-boarded floor lay a broad patch of blood.

Jack was standing in the doorway, barking violently and looking back to me for encouragement, and I could see red streaks on his white hide before the match burned out.

I was considerably surprised that the shot at close range had not been fatal, but I reloaded my discharged barrel, lighted another match and cautiously approached the door. In the insufficient light I could see nothing. I leaned into the doorway and held up the little flame. I stepped inside, and the match burned my fingers and dropped, and I was fumbling hurriedly for another when a sort of small, animated thunderbolt struck me on the top of the right shoulder.

Before I could realize what had happened my cheek was laid open by a savage claw-stroke. I felt the soft, cool fur against my neck, and I was being clawed and bitten with savage energy; the animal, whatever it was, was clinging to my coat and using tooth and nail like a veritable fury.

It seemed small, but its amazing ferocity terrified me, and I clutched at it and tried to throw it off. I was instantly bitten in the hand, and it hung like a burr, snarling in my ear; but I wrenched it loose and flung it to the floor. A medley of yelps and yowls told me that it had been attacked by the terrier, but I was making for the door in a panic.

I did not stop till I was outside the cabin, where Jack immediately followed me, having been worsted again. It was pitch dark and raining harder than ever. No sound proceeded from the unlighted shanty. Blood was trickling down my cheek, and I washed my wounds, which did not seem very serious, with rain-water, and tried to decide what sort of animal this could be, so small and so ferocious, that had attacked me.

It was much too small for either a bay or a Canada lynx; it had seemed no larger or heavier than Jack himself, but its savage energy of assault was terrific. In spite of the demoralized condition of my nerves, I was determined to clear up the mystery. Besides, I had either to rid the shanty of its invader or resign myself to pass the rest of the night in the rain.

It was hard, nevertheless, to muster courage to re-enter that dark cabin, but after some minutes of hesitation and doubt I did it, and reached the fireplace without interruption. I threw an armful of the sapin upon the hearth

and lighted it with a match; the resinous twigs blazed up like straw and illumined the room brilliantly.

There was no sign of the enemy, although of course I could see little of the farther apartment. My courage revived at the cheerful blaze, and I twisted a stout torch of the dry boughs, lighted it, and again approached the point of danger, my cocked gun in my right hand and the flambeau in my left.

I realized that the brute must have dropped upon me from the high shelf above the doorway, and this time I poked about with my gun-barrel at arm's length until I had satisfied myself that there was no danger in that quarter. Then I stepped just inside the doorway, and Jack charged in under cover of the light.

The wailing snarl began again. On the wide shelf directly opposite me crouched a yellowish-gray animal, which, to my astonished amusement, I recognized at a glance as a very huge domestic cat. The domesticity, however, was rather a racial than an individual characteristic, for I never saw a livelier picture of wild fury.

The fur stood on end all over its body, making it appear twice its real size; its ears twitched; its tail snapped viciously to and fro, and its eyes blazed green, while from between its bared teeth came that savage and rhythmic war-cry. Its gaze was alternately directed at me and at Jack, who started toward it, barking furiously, but taking good care to keep out of reach.

I took in this surprising scene at the first glance, and at the second I perceived another cat, of a pure Maltese gray, lying apparently dead under the table-shelf. This must have been the one I had shot, and beginning to realize that I had to deal with a whole family, I looked about somewhat apprehensively for others. The third I presently discovered skulking in a dark corner, with gray back arched and tail puffed like a feather boa. This one seemed more anxious for concealment than for combat, and I glanced over the room for the rest of the tribe; but there seemed to be no more.

I have always had a fondness for cats, and in spite of the unattractive appearance of these specimens, I could not think of shooting them down. No doubt they had been abandoned here by the original settlers of the cabin, and I felt sorry for the deserted creatures. But it was absolutely necessary for the sake of peace to get them out of the house, and I shouted at them and threw chips and bits of bark.

These had no effect, and I picked out a lump of the mud chinking between the logs, and flung it at the cat upon the shelf. The missile hit pretty hard, and with a yowl of despairing rage the animal sprang from its perch and alighted squarely upon the terrier, who had ventured too near in his excitement. Jack yelped at the shock, but fought heroically, conscious that my eyes were on him.

I could make out only a tangled mass of white and gray fur, spinning like a wheel and emitting a frenzied medley of every imaginable sort of canine and feline ejaculation. The second cat joined sympathetically in the outcry, and the uproar was indescribable. But Jack was far outmatched in everything but weight, and in a few seconds he broke away again with a pitiful howl and darted behind me for protection.

Reckless with rage, the cat followed him. I kicked out wildly, and the cat fastened upon my legs with tooth and claw. I struck it with the butt of my gun and beat it with the flaming torch. Fire flew in all directions. The cat let go with a cowed snarl, but the loose hemlock had caught fire like gunpowder, and instantly the room was full of smoke.

I dashed to the door, preceded by the dog, and in the dark I stumbled over something soft that spat at me. Once fairly outside, I stopped and looked back. The inner room of the shanty seemed all ablaze, but I was pretty certain that the light mass of twigs would burn up and go out without doing any serious damage. This, in fact, happened, but even then I had no inclination to re-enter the building.

I did not mind admitting that I was fairly whipped. It was almost certain that the cats had fled, like ourselves, from the conflagration, but I greatly preferred to getting wet to run even a remote risk of another encounter with that outlaw family. And the rest of that night Jack and I spent very uncomfortably under a great spruce, wet and shivering.

As soon as it was light I went back to get my knapsack. My belongings, being in the outer room, had not been touched by the fire, and there was no trace of our nocturnal disturbers except the body of the dead cat lying among the scattered ashes. It was too badly burned for examination, but it was easy to see that its size was far beyond that of the hearth-rug puss.

Jack's hole in the floor had a new meaning for me now. It seemed to lead to a sort of den under the house, into which I could not see, but which, from the vile odor of decayed bones that came up, must have been in use for a long time. In fact, as everything indicated that the cabin had been for years abandoned by human life, it seemed to me probable that these feline tenants were of the second, perhaps of the third, generation from their domesticated ancestors. A cat,

at the best, is domesticated only on the surface, and these cats had probably fallen into the life of the woods with the greatest facility, remaining at the shanty only through the characteristic attachment of their race for their wonted haunts.

Certainly these animals seemed to possess every qualification for flourishing in their new environment, and it seemed certain that they would in time tend to revert to the original savage type of their race. It is not impossible that some time in the future some naturalist may report the discovery of a new sort of lynx or catamount in the forests of northern Ontario.—Youth's Companion.



No insect is so dreaded in Africa as the tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to horses. The only effectual protection to the horse is a complete suit of pajamas, which are largely in use. The cloth of which the pajamas are made is sting-proof.

Dr. Calvello, an Italian, has discovered that nine per cent. of essence of thyme and eighteen per cent. of essence of geranium make an excellent disinfectant, when freely used, for the hands of medical operators. As these essences enter largely into the composition of eau de Cologne, it follows that this scent is a good antiseptic for ordinary purposes.

In his experiments with various vehicles, M. Michelin has found that iron tires require greater motive power than either solid rubber or pneumatic. An electric automobile running with five per cent. greater speed with pneumatic tires took eighteen per cent. less power than when fitted with solid tires; and in stopping, the solid tires required an increase of fourteen per cent. in braking power.

For shallow-draught steamers, both side-wheels and stern-wheels have disadvantages, especially in the weight of their machinery, while propellers—as they have been used in fixed tunnels—lose efficiency through increased friction as loading sinks the tunnel's opening. In a new English propeller boat for shallow rivers, the stern end of the tunnel is made adjustable by a hinged flap. Raising or lowering the flap keeps the opening just below the surface, and it is claimed that with a moderate load the gain is twenty-five per cent.

The search for a welding process for aluminium still goes on, in spite of the claim of several investigators that they have discovered a practical solution of the problem. One of the latest claims is that of Mary W. Emme, of New York City, who has discovered that the result may be attained by heating the two contacting ends of aluminium under suitable condition approximately to or above a temperature of 600 degrees Centigrade. To carry out the process successfully the parts must be scrupulously cleansed before heating them to the welding point, and it is stated that the result is a mass possessing the same physical qualities of a piece of aluminium which has never been subjected to separation.

The London School of Tropical Medicine has discovered a new parasite which is the cause of a tropical fever which resembles malaria, but which does not yield to the same treatment, and is generally fatal in its results. The new creature does not inhabit the corpuscles like the malaria parasite, but is free in the blood current, like the filariae, which is the cause of elephantiasis; and it is either identical with or closely resembles the parasite communicated to certain animals by the tsetse fly. It is described as a trichosoma. Its discovery is too recent to admit of more than a bare mention, but it undoubtedly opens out a prospect of cure in a class of cases which have hitherto proved almost absolutely intractable, and once more demonstrates the wisdom of establishing such a school of medical research.

The promises of economy gains from burning pulverized coal have for years led to persistently recurring experiments and each new venture in the field has been heralded with claims of final success. After all, however, experience in every instance seems to have ultimately demonstrated that it is difficult to obtain combustion of such fuel with as small an amount of air per pound of fuel as can be obtained in the best practice with coal fired on an ordinary grate, and this has always tended to make the economy lower than with the usual method. Besides this, the power required to operate the coal pulverizer and feeder has counted against the efficiency of the plant as a whole, and there is generally some difficulty from the collection of ashes and unconsumed particles of coal in the back connections of the boilers. Judging from all the available data, these drawbacks still remain to be overcome.

The longest race ever run on stilts took place from Bordeaux to Biarritz in 1893. The distance is 303 miles.

SURE CURE FOR A BALKY HORSE
Stage Driver Tells of a Plan That Worked on One of His Animals.

The stage had lost four or five minutes through the obstinacy of a balky horse, the animal, with unusual perceptive faculties, having selected that part of Fifth avenue a little below Twenty-third street at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—the hour when traffic is at its height—for his sulky fit. The driver of the stage sat patiently waiting for the carriages in front of him to move. "I discovered a plan a few years ago for starting a balky horse," said he, "that never failed me. It doesn't hurt the horses, either—I don't believe in anything but kindness with 'em—it simply startles them, and they forget all about their balkiness."

The passenger beside him looked interested, and the driver continued: "I had a horse that made a practice of balking at the foot of a hill. Nothing would start him, and we finally found that if there were any hills on the road we might as well not take that horse on that trip. One day I forgot this, however, and the result was as usual. The animal refused to budge when he came to a hill—just a little rise in the road, in fact. I had a piece of strong cord in my pocket, and I made a slip-noose, tied it to the horse's tail, passed it through a ring in the harness, and brought it back to the wagon. Then I gave the cord a good, smart pull. Well, you ought to have seen the way that horse went up the hill. I got hold of the reins just in time, or there'd been a runaway sure."

"How about the next time he came to a hill?" asked the passenger.

"There wasn't no more hills for that horse. He just naturally wiped 'em off the slate. Whenever he came to a hill after that he'd bolt up it as though some fiend was after him. I guess he remembered the cord all right. An' the best part of the game was the fact that the cord scheme wouldn't have hurt a fox terrier. It just gave the horse a new line of thought."—New York Mail and Express.

An Alaskan Landslide.

All the next morning, as we chopped spongy cottonwood, blew out our lungs over the fire, and flipped water from the blankets, a dull roar, which we thought the river swelled by the rain, was growing louder, louder. I said, "I guess a moraine-choked pond on the glacier has broken through," and just then Jack stepped out from under the soaked tarpaulin.

"Look at that, Bobbie, look at that!" I heard him shouting. Outside, he was pointing across the stream. A landslide was roaring down a gully from the very top of the Rainbow Hills. It was a stupendous sight. We looked at it silently, and then said, both at once, "I thought an avalanche was sudden." This thing wiggled like a huge snake down a sheer three thousand feet of rock. The roar seemed forever to increase. Dust—or smoke—trailed from this thing, and enormous boulders skipped solemnly from side to side of its path like pebbles. Water mingled with it, and when it reached the terrace it was a black stream, viscous and heavy.

Jack bet it wouldn't cross the half-mile of flat to the river. But in a moment we saw boulders shooting out over the terrace, and aspen groves fall as if laid with a scythe. A cancerous fan ate out to the bank, and gravelly slopped over like lumpy paint, cutting deep channels down to the river.—Outing.

For Full Value Received.
He was known in the shop to be of a cautious and saving disposition, never taking a holiday, so the foreman was naturally surprised when he approached and said:

"Please, sir, might I leave work at 1 o'clock to-day?"

"Why, my man?"

"Because there is a tea party at the parochial hall this afternoon, and as I have had a shilling ticket given to me I should like to go."

"I shouldn't have thought a working-man like you would care to go to a tea party. Couldn't you give the ticket to your wife or sisters?"

"Well, not exactly, sir, for you see I must go because I am the only one in our house that can eat a shilling's worth."—Tit-Bits.

To Cure a Wound.
Attention has once more been called to the survival of folk-lore in rural parts; this time by evidence given in a stabbing case tried at the Essex Assizes. To quicken the healing of the wounds the knife with which they were inflicted was smeared with grease and laid on the bed of the patient. The purpose served by the application of grease or oil to the knife—or to any steel instrument that has inflicted wounds—is to prevent it from rusting. For if the steel is allowed to become rusty, the wound is affected, and festering and mortification follow the progress of the rust. Another quaint belief is that the application of an oiled knife is a safe, certain and quick remedy for scalds and burns.—London Chronicle.

Something in a Name.
There is a good deal in a name after all. Don't give your baby one that he will afterward be ashamed to write under the disguise of an initial.—New York News.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

There was a great philosopher,
Lived years and years ago;
And such a merry soul was he
They called him Laughing Joe.

For laugh he would throughout the year,
Let things go wrong or right;
Let Fortune smile or Fortune frown,
His heart was ever light.

And little children every day
Would gather round his place
To listen to his hearty laugh
Or see his smiling face.

But gloomy-minded people said
They thought it was a shame
A man should be disposed to laugh
At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd
And pulled his dwelling down;
They hustled him around the streets,
And drove him from the town,

To find a home beyond the sea
Upon a foreign strand,
And never dare to set a foot
Upon his native land.

But when they chased him from the realm
These people little knew
What even one good-natured soul
And smiling face can do.

Now children seeking after Joe
Would round the ruins stray,
And grieve because the people drove
Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by
Those bad-behaving men
Sent messengers across the sea
To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts
To meet him at the shore,
And begged him there to live and laugh
In peace forevermore.

—Palmer Cox, in St. Nicholas.

A Botanist's Adventure.

By Albert W. Tolman.

THE abandoned Beckwith limestone quarry is a gigantic pit, 200 feet deep, blasted out of the solid rock. Almost the entire bottom is filled with a gulf of greenish-black water, forty or fifty feet in depth, reflecting the steep walls in its dark surface.

Arthur Sedgwick, assistant professor of botany in a Western college, came to New England to study the flora of the limestone region. The farm on which the Beckwith quarry is situated was rich in wild flowers, and the botanist had obtained from its owner full permission to tread down the grass as much as he pleased. After a delightful morning in the field, Sedgwick became curious to look into the deep, rocky gulf. Lying flat, he edged cautiously up to the brink and peered over.

The cliff down which he gazed was so nearly vertical that a plumb-line dropped from its summit would have fallen straight to the water, 200 feet below. He noted the rocky walls of blue and slaty white, darkened here and there by springs that trickled out between the shelly layers. His botanist's eye marked the green tufts of grass and the clusters of white yarrow that decked the little ledges in the course of the waterflow.

Just above the level of the pond, at its eastern end, he saw the heaps of ashes and a circle of bricks on the clinker-strewn terrace where the pump-house had once stood. Up to the top of the sheer wall beside it ran a line of rusty red, broken by a few short iron rods, with scattered chain-links and frayed rope-ends hanging to them, showing where the pipe that drained the quarry had been fastened.

As Sedgwick's eyes followed the water-line along the base of the steep cliffs, his attention was caught by a dash of vivid pink against the dull blue quarry wall. It needed no second glance to tell him what it was. Pink yarrow!

He had known that it existed in the region, but so far had been unable to find any specimens. It was a long way down to that cluster of bloom, but he determined to add it to his herbarium, if there was any possible way of reaching the shelf on which it grew.

Not far away, in the end of the quarry, was the line of ladders and steep stairs which had formerly been used by the workmen. A brief circuit through the thick grass brought the botanist to its top.

The first stage of the descent was a ladder running fifty feet down the face of a perpendicular cliff; from the ledge on which the ladder ended a stairway almost as steep led down forty feet farther to a second ledge; then came another ladder longer than the first; and finally a second stairway landed close to the coveted bloom.

Sedgwick was too sensible to incur actual danger for the sake of gaining the spray of yarrow; on the other hand, he did not propose to be frightened from his purpose by the mere difficulty of the accomplishment.

He scanned the ladder below him. Its rungs appeared perfectly strong. Better still, a wire rope, running through eyes in the end of iron rods, and serving as a hand-rail, was stretched close beside the ladders and stairs clear to the edge of the water. Although the canvas that covered this rope was frayed and its supporting rods were red with rust, it gave promise of security in case the wood should fail.

Sedgwick's arms were strong and his nerves sound. Keeping firm hold of the twisted steel, he cautiously tested the upper rungs of the ladder with his feet. No signs of decay were apparent, and he began the descent.

So careful was his progress that it was fully ten minutes before he stood on the final ledge, only a few inches above the water. A few steps brought him to the spray of yarrow, and presently it lay with the other specimens

in the canister slung over his shoulder. Before beginning the ascent he stood for a time looking up.

From the field of blue sky between the cliff summits the unclouded sun sent down a flood of fiery light. No breeze was stirring in the deep pit. It was like a cauldron filled with tremulous air, seething in glassy billows in the intense heat. Sedgwick almost wondered that the pond did not boil under the glowing rays. Far above, the wire of the old cableway cut the summer sky, a thread of black. A bird, perched upon it, sent down an occasional inquiring note. It was too hot to stay there long. Sedgwick fanned himself with his straw hat, and then began to ascend.

It was a slow, weary climb beneath the scalding sun; but step by step he won his way upward. Ere long he was at the foot of the last ladder, fifty feet from the top. Round by round he ascended, until he had gone ten feet. Then something gave way above.

The ladder settled slightly, and its top dropped straight out from the cliff. As Sedgwick felt himself falling backward he instinctively let go the rungs and grasped with both hands at the wire rope beside him, swinging himself out of the line of the ladder as he did so.

His presence of mind and quickness of action undoubtedly saved his life. A hundred feet below him there was a heavy plunge in the pond, a suggestion of his own probable fate had been a second slower.

For a brief space he hung dangling at arm's length against the face of the perpendicular wall, too horrified to do anything but hold on for dear life. His broad-brimmed straw hat had fallen off, and it sailed downward, this way and that, until at last it came to rest on the surface of the water.

But presently the strain began to tell on the botanist's muscles, strong though they were. Two feet above his finger tips the rope ran through the eye of a supporting rod. If he could but raise his body and get up on this bar, he would for the time be comparatively safe.

In a few seconds he stood, hot and breathless, on the slender piece of steel. What should he do next?

He looked up. It was more than thirty feet to the roots of the tall grass-stalks that shook their tufted tops along the edge of the quarry. He turned his glance downward. The top of the first stairway was only five yards below. It would be an easy matter to swing himself down to the safety those wooden steps afforded, while to climb to the level of the field meant several minutes of hard and painful work.

Once at the top, however, he was free to go where he pleased; but if he descended and waited for his plight to be discovered, he might have to remain hours in that rocky pit, hatless under the broiling sun.

Sedgwick's resolution was soon taken. He would scale the summit as soon as his arms could carry him there.

The rods supporting the wire rope were ten feet apart, so the next above the one on which he stood was about a yard and a half over his head. There were only two more between that and the top. Reaching as high as he could, the botanist began to "shin" the cable. He threw up his right hand for another grip. His fingers closed over a spot where the rotting canvas had left the wire strands bare.

The metal was burning hot. Worse than that, several needle-pointed wire-ends studded the otherwise smooth surface, and drew the blood wherever they touched the skin. It was like grasping a metallic stinging nettle. If he took light hold he could not lift his weight, while a firm grasp meant cruel laceration of his hands.

Sedgwick set his teeth and contracted his grip. A man can afford to undergo some physical discomfort when

he is swinging over a hundred feet of empty air.

Once, twice, three times he renewed his hold, raising himself until he could get one knee over the bar. When he finally stood upon it the insides of his hands and fingers were bleeding copiously from dozens of minute punctures, and a perspiration stood in big drops on his face. His head throbbed painfully in the hot sun. The veins and arteries seemed full to the point of bursting.

Decidedly, this was more than he had bargained for. But the grass-roots were now barely twenty feet above, and he entertained no thought of turning back.

It was now dead noon and fearfully hot. The hard bluish-white wall swam before the botanist's eyes. If only some cloud would check those terrible fiery arrows the sun was shooting at him!

The light tin canister weighed like lead upon his shoulders. His arms ached as if they would drop off, and he was growing weak and dizzy. What if he were to have a sunstroke before he reached the surface!

The dread of it gave him fresh strength, and before this wore away he had lifted himself ten feet higher and stood on another bar. There was but one more; and after that—safety.

The next few moments were agonizing ones for Sedgwick; moments of dead, painful effort that seemed to drain his system to the very dregs of energy and endurance.

The blood from his torn hands ran down his wrists into his sleeves as he climbed, and now and then a drop spattered upon his face. The pitiless sun-rays seemed to be probing his brain, burning out the power of thought and leaving only the consciousness of suffering.

Yet in spite of all he kept rising. First with one hand, then with the other, he grasped the strands above the bar. The eye through which the rope ran was close to his chin; it touched his chest, his thigh. A second later he got his knee upon it and then his foot. His face was just above the level of the ground, and the warm fragrance of the luxuriant grass was strong in his nostrils.

And now, when deliverance seemed so close, came the most terrible five seconds the botanist ever experienced. As he stood on the six-inch rod of steel, his body was turned sidewise so that it leaned against the cliff. He had yet to raise himself five feet before he would be on solid ground. The wire rope could assist him no longer, for its end was fastened round a spike in a drill-hole level with his chest; and he must get a firm hold a yard higher before he could safely pull himself up.

With bleeding hands he explored the soil among the grass-roots, seeking a place suitable for his purpose. If he tried to reach very far from the edge he could not sink his fingers deeply in the earth, while if he took hold too near the brink the turf might pull through and allow him to fall backward.

At last he found a spot that satisfied him, and worked his hands down into the ground, regardless of the pain. Then, mustering all his strength, he raised himself slightly.

His feet had hardly left the bar when his right handhold tore out; his left followed. He slipped back, clutching wildly at the grass-stalks, until his soles touched again the slender rod of steel. There he stood for a moment, rigid with horror, tottering above the abyss.

Everything depended on the turn his body took in balancing. If it swayed inward, all might yet be well; if outward, there was the rugged cliff-side and the pond far below. A grain of energy might turn the scale in either direction, for life or for death.

With senses sharpened by the imminent peril, Sedgwick made a decisive effort. His body swayed in toward the cliff, and the crisis was past!

But there was no time to waste. He felt that the next attempt must be his last. Taught by experience, he dug his hands so deeply into the soil that there was no possibility of losing his hold again.

A minute later he was lying prone in the tall grass a good ten feet from the brink of the quarry. The spray of pink yarrow is in his herbarium now, and he never turns to the page without remembering the danger he underwent in securing that particular specimen—Yarrow's Companion.

Highest Waterfall in the World.

The highest known waterfall in the world was the Cerosola Cascade, in the Alps, having a drop of 2400 feet. But one in the San Cuayatan Canyon, in the State of Durango, Mexico, now claims first place. It was discovered by some prospectors ten years ago in the great barranca district, which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With much difficulty the party pushed on and up and down the mighty chasm until they beheld the superb fall, which is said to be at least 3000 feet high.—London Tit-Bits.

The annual government expenditures for the promotion of agriculture are \$4,500,000 spent by the States and \$6,250,000 by the national Secretary of Agriculture.



EASY CARPET CLEANING.

To clean a carpet without removing it from the floor, sprinkle it generously with slightly dampened sawdust. After it has lain on the floor for a few minutes go over the carpet with a stiff broom moistened with hot water and kept clean by being frequently rinsed with hot water as the sweeping progresses. After the sawdust has been removed, sweep the carpet with a softer broom. To go over it a third time with a broom bound with a soft cloth dampened with ammonia water (one teaspoon ammonia to one quart of water) brightens the colors and removes the last particle of dust. The cloth must be kept clean by constant rinsing, and the ammonia water must be kept clean by rinsing the cloth in a separate bucket.

CARE OF BROOMS.

Brooms are expensive articles, and we wish them to last as long as possible. When you are buying a broom select one that has a tinge of green about it, for it shows that the corn was cut when it was young and pliant. Make it a rule that whoever uses the broom shall hang it up as soon as the sweeping is done, and it will keep its shape much longer than if it is thrown behind the door until it is wanted again. The springs sold for that purpose are good and can be fastened to the door frame or any other convenient place; or a screw eye may be screwed into the top of the handle and the broom hung up on a nail or hook when not in use. A new broom should never be used to scrub with. This advice has been given so often that it seems useless to repeat it, yet we see it done every day, and housewives wonder why their brooms wear out so soon.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

In decorating a table where a few flowers are obliged to do duty the serviettes can be folded in form of a cornucopia either in one large opening or two smaller ones, as preferred. For a pretty floral decoration to this white linen two or three blossoms with some green leaves can be so grouped in each opening as to form a dainty little bouquet, the flowers and leaves standing up as in a vase.

As a more simple, and yet artistic adornment, a double carnation, with a spray of mignonette, makes an effective showing when combined with two or three light-colored geranium leaves. As an extra ornamentation for the board, violets or pansies, when in season, or any spring blossom of not too large proportion, is exceedingly decorative when placed at regular intervals apart over this snowy white damask. The table linen in this case is better without figure, with only one broad stripe in the border. As a table border the smilax is a lovely green, and is sure to be an effective plan, with the four corners decorated with cream-colored satin ribbon in a garniture of big bows and long flowing ends. If desired, a delicate pink is showy, and makes an acceptable finish; also a light blue or a pale lemon.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES
Buttered Parsnips—Boil tender and scrape; slice lengthwise. Put three tablespoonsful butter in a saucepan, with pepper, salt and a little chopped parsley. When heated put in the parsnips. Shake and turn until mixture boils, then lay the parsnips in order upon a dish, and pour the butter over them and serve.

Cottage Pie—A cottage pie makes a good supper dish. Mince a pound of cold meat and mix with a sliced onion that has been freshly fried in a little butter. Season with salt and pepper and place in a pie dish with a little water. Cover evenly with a deep layer of mashed potatoes beaten light and topped by a few pieces of butter. Bake about half an hour.

Creamed Potatoes—Chop the potatoes or cut in small cubes; make a good white sauce, using two tablespoonsful of butter, one and a half of flour, and a cup and a half of milk; season well with salt and pepper, stir in the potatoes, tossing lightly so that they will not be "mussy;" just before turning out the flame sprinkle a little minced parsley over the top.

Pickled Quinces—Quarter the quinces and steam until tender, then drop them into the following mixture: One quart vinegar, one cup sugar, one teaspoon ground cinnamon and one-half teaspoon ground cloves tied in a thin cloth. Have this hot and cook the steamed quinces in it for five minutes. These should stand a few days before being used. Quinces are so tart that they require more sugar than other sweet pickles. The vinegar should just cover the quinces.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Rev. W. W. Moore has been elected President of the Union Theological Seminary at Richmond, Va.

Engene N. Foss has given \$50,000 to the University of Vermont. The college holds its 100th commencement on July 6.

E. Robinson, of New York, has presented two bronze doors for the main entrance of Robinson Hall, Harvard University.

The largest subscription for the Yale alumni fund ever raised has been collected this year, for \$50,000 will be turned into the treasury.

A full set of seal rules has been presented to the forestry department of the University of Michigan, by the Lufkin Rule Company, of Saginaw.

A new building has been completed for Chicago University at a cost of \$270,000. Among other appurtenances it contains a regulation court room.

Eleven courses in forestry are offered by the University of Michigan to its students the current year, as against six last year, and none the year before.

Miss Nettie Maria Stevens, of Mountain View, Cal., research fellow in biology at Bryn Mawr, has been appointed a research assistant by the Carnegie Institute.

A gift of \$200,000 by John D. Rockefeller to Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland was announced at the installation of Dr. Howe as President of Case School.

Dr. Le Baron R. Briggs, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University, has been chosen President of Radcliffe College for Women, succeeding Mrs. Louis Agassiz.

Photographic records of Emperor William's voice, on metal matrices, will be the first deposits made in the phonetic archives that are to be kept at Harvard University.

Strange Chinese Custom.

Visitors to China are particularly struck by the numbers of pairs of boots hung in separate wooden cages in the archway of the main west gate of Hsuan-Hua, the valedictory gifts of beneficial prefects. It is an attractive custom in China to invite a departing magistrate whose rule has been popular to leave a pair of old boots for suspension in a prominent place as a hint to his successor to follow in his footsteps.

On the docks of London in one year 76,800 rats have been destroyed, but the medical officer of health for the port is doubtful whether that was as much as the natural increase of births over deaths, and more vigorous measures are to be taken.

The late Count von Moltke was so struck with the force of the presentation of the unattractive side of war by Vereschagin that he forbade German soldiers visiting that artist's exhibitions.

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EAGLE HOTEL.

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House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

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Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

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Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best market affords. Ample stabling.

AUCTIONEERING.

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK
Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address York Springs, Adams County, Pa.

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Office in Star and Sentinel Building, second floor, Baltimore street, over cash store. Oct. 8, '02. 11.



HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

To Clean Cashmere.

Wash cashmere in good hot suds in which a little borax has been dissolved. Rinse in strong blue water. Do not wring it, but hang up dripping, and then iron while damp. If this is done the material will look like new.

Table Decorations.

The epergne is once more in favor. For several years past table decorations have been so low that the epergne has been relegated to the back of the silver closet. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, high table decorations are popular.

Ways of Testing Flour.

Look at its color. (1.) If it is white, with a slightly yellowish, or straw, color, that is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. (2.) Examine its adhesiveness. Wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic it is good; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. (3.) Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface. If it adhere in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. (4.) Squeeze some of the flour in the hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to try. They are simple, rough and ready methods adopted by old flour dealers.—American Queen.

Laundry Hints.

Wash day is the bete noir of many a household. There is really no reason why it should be. The results of the day make everyone sweeter, neater and cleaner. Here are a few suggestions that will make the day easier and happier.

Fine clothes need no rubbing. They should first be wrung out of cold water and then boiled fifteen minutes in water in which plenty of soap has been dissolved. Two rinsings should make them pure and white.

Clothes look better from which the water is dripping when hung upon the line than those which have been tightly wrung.

When clothes are very soiled the spots should be rubbed with a fibre bristle brush.

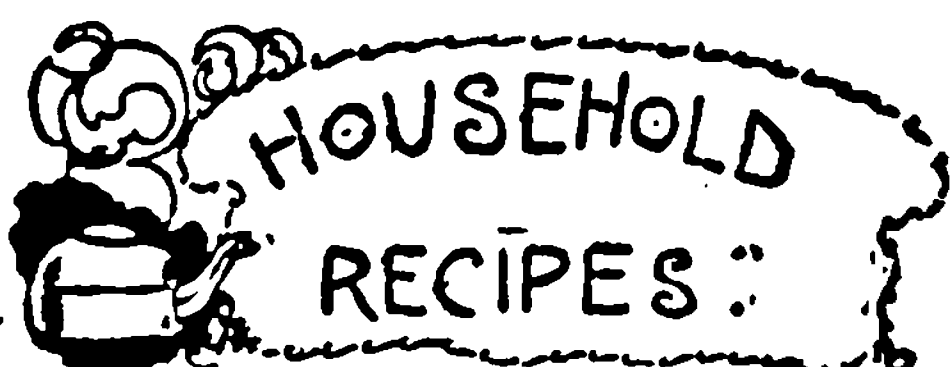
An excellent washing fluid is made by adding to the water in the boiler one tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine and one tablespoonful of ammonia.

In washing curtains put them in the tub and wet them with coal oil. Then pour hot suds upon them. They should be drawn many times through the fingers to strip them of dirt and then rinsed twice.

Ginghams soaked in salt water will not fade.

Silk handkerchiefs should be washed alone in luke-warm water and rinsed three times in cold water. Then blue them and iron them before they are dry.

Dainty dollies, tray cloths and center-pieces should be washed with castile soap. Always iron them on the wrong side.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Cheese Toast—Cut stale bread in thin slices; dry and toast a golden brown; spread with butter and sprinkle thickly with grated cheese; dust with paprika; lay in a dripping pan and place in a hot oven until the cheese melts.

Cream Pudding—Put three cupfuls of milk into the double boiler; beat four eggs; rub half a cupful of flour in one cup of cold milk; add to it the scalded milk; when it thickens add the eggs and cook five minutes; add half teaspoonful of salt and pour into a dish; sprinkle one cup of sugar over the top and pour over any fruit juice; serve cold.

Oyster Rarebit—Cut off the muscle from one cup of oysters; put them in the chafing dish in their own liquor until the edges curl; then turn them into a hot bowl; put in the chafing dish one tablespoon of butter, half a pound of cheese, grated, a pinch each of salt, paprika and mustard; beat two eggs slightly, add the oyster liquor, and when the cheese is melted add this gradually, then add the oysters, and when scalding hot pour over hot toast.

Rice Waffles—To two cupfuls of cold boiled rice add two cupfuls of sifted flour; beat two eggs; add to them one cupful of milk; pour this over the rice and flour and beat well; then add one tablespoonful of butter melted and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt; bake on a hot waffle iron; sour milk may be used instead of all sweet milk; in that case omit baking powder and use half sweet and half sour milk and one teaspoonful of soda.

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative

It is pure.
It is gentle.
It is pleasant.
It is efficacious.
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It is good for children.
It is excellent for ladies.
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It is perfectly safe under all circumstances.
It is used by millions of families the world over.
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If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Because

Its component parts are all wholesome.
It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects.
It is wholly free from objectionable substances.

It contains the laxative principles of plants.
It contains the carminative principles of plants.
It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste.

All are pure.
All are delicately blended.
All are skillfully and scientifically compounded.

Its value is due to our method of manufacture and to the originality and simplicity of the combination.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine.

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FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

The Black Cap.

The black cap has no specific relation to the hanging of a criminal. Its sinister reputation, its color, and the fact that a judge when pronouncing a capital sentence always wears it, have combined to attach to it a meaning and symbolism which it does not possess. It is really nothing more than a part of the full dress of a judge.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists', 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Monterey, Mexico, is to have an electric railroad system thirty miles long, calling for an expenditure of \$5,500,000.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CROENY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Croeny for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Taux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The United Irish League claims to have 1,326 branches.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A lovers' quarrel often serves to break the monotony of happiness.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

It is much easier to expound the truth than to nail a lie.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1903.

Hearing, as a rule, is more acute with the right than with the left ear.

Old Sofas, Backs of Chairs, etc., can be dyed with PURNAM FADELESS DYES.

The English language is spoken by 115,000,000 people.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Footache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

Original Tobacco Land.

Nothing could be more appropriate than the fact that Havana cigars almost the world over still retain first place in the favor of smokers, as it was somewhere in the vicinity of Havana that smoking was discovered by civilized men. The natives, both of the mainland and the islands of America, were acquainted with the soothing influence of the weed when they were discovered by white men and the practice had been common among them since the mind of the savage runneth not to the contrary. Antiquarians have from time to time announced discoveries that the use of tobacco was a practice indulged in by the people of Eastern countries in remote times, but John H. Garber, who has prepared a bulletin for the census reports of 1900, which is altogether too interesting to be lost in that monumental publication, refuses to credit the alleged discoveries of the antiquarians, and in this respect gives full justice to Cuba.

Strongest Jail on Earth.

Graham county jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is unique. It comprises four large apartments hewn from the solid quartz rock of a hillside. The entrance is through a box-like vestibule built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of steel gates. The floor of the rock-bound jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined exclusively in the larger rooms. Some of the most desperate criminals on the Southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months. The wall of quartz about the jail is 15 feet thick. Clifton is one of the great copper mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade, and in the winter never goes below 40 degrees.

A New Gold Field.

Fish, gold and whales abound along that portion of the North Siberian coast westward of Behring straits. Wonderful stories are coming from that section concerning the abundance of each. If all these stories are true there will be a rush of gold seekers and whale seekers. The Russian government has already farmed out the control of gold territory to prospecting companies, and they are hard at work. That government prohibits anyone else but Russians from catching salmon. There are no labor laws to restrict Chinese labor, and large numbers of coolies are being hurried there to freeze and work for their living.

London County council has introduced half-penny fares on all the cars running on the South London tramways.

NO NOON HOUR.

The Passing of This Brief Rest Period in Busy New York.

"There is no noon hour in the lower part of Manhattan," New York, said an old restaurant man, who has supplied luncheon for business men and clerks for over a score of years. "We used to do seven-eighths of our business between noon and 1 o'clock, but now the luncheon hour extends from 11 to after 3—to after 4 in the Wall street section. I can remember well when in all offices and business houses work ceased at the stroke of 12, and was resumed at 1 o'clock sharp. Now the noon hour is observed only in shops and factories. In offices and commercial houses work goes on continuously under the present day pressure of business, and the clerks and other employees go out for luncheon in relays, beginning as early as 11 o'clock, and with this change has come a shortening of the luncheon hour in most cases to three-quarters of an hour—sometimes to half an hour. The chiefs and employers, as a rule, eat late—most of them about 2 o'clock, and down in Wall street the brokers seldom get luncheon until after the exchanges close."

Germany's Richest Woman.

Germany's richest woman, Frau Krupp, is dangerously ill at Berlin, and the doctors fear that she may not have long to live, as her malady is constitutional, defying medical skill.

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

The First Surgeons.

The first mention of surgeons in the British army was in 1223. Edward I. had a paid surgeon accompanying his army in Scotland in 1296.

Litter for horses and cows is to be made from spent hops at Dublin.



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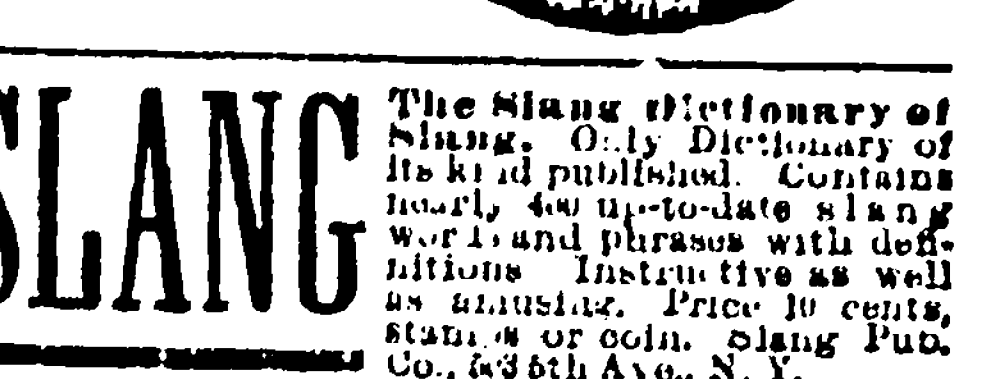
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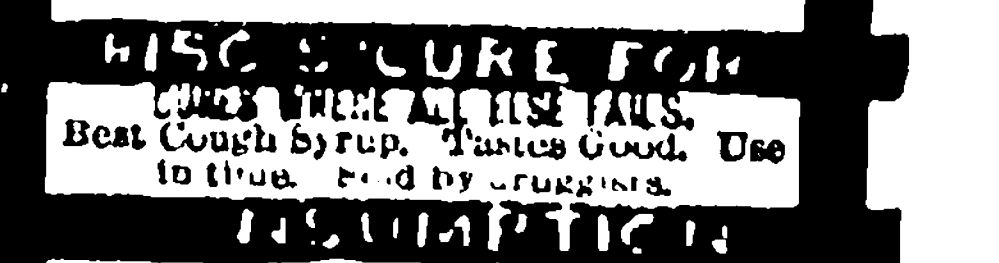
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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



LIGHT HEART.

Little Paul Spry
Knew how to fly
Into his clothes in the morning.

Little Paul Spry
Always said "Try,"
And was up with the birds at the dawning.
—M. R. S., in Christian Register.

TO MAKE A WIND HARP.

A great many of our readers are very clever little musicians, and some of them play several kinds of instruments, the violin, banjo, mandolin, etc., but there are still more of them who do not play at all, although they are just as fond of music as the rest.

Here is a way in which you can have all the music you want and music of a very high order, too, which none of your little friends can produce on their favorite instruments, no matter how hard they try. You may have one of the very oldest musicians in the world playing for you, and you may listen to the very same melodies that the ancient Greeks used to hear and which they thought so beautiful that they said the spirit of music, which they called the Great God Pan, was playing for them. This music is nothing but the wind, and it is ready at all times to play for you if you will provide the instrument.

Take two smooth strips of board, each about two feet long and two inches wide, and join them together at one end so that they will form a right angle, like two sides of a square. Now drive a row of tacks in each stick, having each tack about two inches apart, and your instrument is com-

plete, all but the strings. For the strings get some long rubber bands, or, better still, three violin strings. Stretch these very tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks, beginning at the two tacks at the little end of the angle. When you have fastened each string to the tacks so that it stretches tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks your work will look like the illustration.

To hear it play you have only to fasten it outside of your window so that the wind will blow across the strings.

FISH ARE NOT DUMB.

The fishes are generally known as creatures that are completely dumb, but as a matter of fact there are a great many that utter loud sounds.

A huge fish, with big, grinding teeth dwells in salt water, and is found all along the United States coast from Massachusetts to Florida. It is called the drum, because of the deep, booming noises that it makes.

The drum feeds by preference on oysters and mussels, and when a school of the big fellows is gathered in a shallow bay on the oyster beds it often is possible on a still night to hear their deep booming plainly.

Another salt water fish, the beautiful trout-like squeteague, utters a croak, extremely musical, much like that of a big bullfrog.

Another croaker is a fish allied to the squeteague, known as a croaker.

The sea robin, so called because it has magnificent crimson fins as big as a bird's wings just behind the head, is another fish with a voice. He utters a deep, loud "quawk" when he is caught and repeats it every time he is touched.

The litter puffer, or swell fish, which has the ability to puff itself into

THE GIANT TREES.

One of Them Would Make a Fence Six Feet High and Twenty-four Miles Long.

The only way we can comprehend the greatness of the "big trees" of California without actually seeing them is by comparing them with things of everyday life. Imagine one of these trees being transplanted to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, New York City. It would make the Fifth Avenue Hotel look like a cottage, and if the largest tree now growing on Manhattan Island were placed on the top of the Flatiron Building, it would still be in the shade of the big tree's upper branches. General Walleff stated not long ago that if he could have had one of these big trees to throw across the Pei-ho River upon the arrival of the international army, it would have served as a bridge across which he could have marched the entire 30,000 men into Pekin in forty-five minutes.

It is estimated that some of these trees contain 750,000 feet of lumber, and we may get an idea of what this means when we hear that it would make a board fence six feet high and twenty-four miles long, or that it would supply enough telegraph poles to support a line of wires running from Kansas City to Chicago. If the tallest elm tree you know of were cut down and bent into a circle, it would just about make a ring to fit the base of one of the big trees. But it is not their size alone which makes these giants so impressive; their age is still more remarkable. When Chop's army of 100,000 men began to build the great pyramid of Jeezeh, over 2000 years before Christ, these Sequoias, as they are called, had bark on them a foot thick; they were old, old trees when Methuselah was a baby—they are the very oldest living things on the face of the earth. And we Americans should regard them as a priceless heritage, which once taken from us could never be replaced, and we should at any cost guard them forever from those who with ax and saw would in one week undo the work of 8000 years.—Woman's Home Companion.

Utilizing the Dead Sea.

It is believed that before very long the Dead Sea will be exploited for industrial purposes. French engineers are at work on three different projects with this purpose in view. The level of the Dead Sea being more than 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean and Red seas, it is thought by connecting either of these two seas by means of a canal with the Dead Sea, a stream of water would flow with a velocity calculated to produce some 25,000 horsepower. There is danger, it is asserted, of an overflowing of the Dead Sea, for the waters there evaporate at so great a rate (6,000,000 tons a day) that the incoming waters would make no appreciable difference in the level. One project is to start the canal from the Bay of Acre, lead it southward past Mount Tabor, and let it join at Baisan, the waters of the Jordan. Another plan is to build the canal along the railway line from Jaffa to Jerusalem. But this would mean blasting a tunnel of some thirty-seven miles through the mountains of Old Judea. The third project, the cheapest, proposes to start at Akaba, in the Red Sea, and pass through the desert of Wady-el-Jebel. Having obtained power in this manner, it is thought many industrial works will be carried on.—London Daily News.

Radium as a Pain-Killer.

United States Consul General Guenther, of Frankfurt, writes as follows: Dr. Darier, of Paris, describes a case of cancer of the face which, through application of radium, had been rendered painless. Similar results have been obtained by other noted experts. He has also found quick and pain-killing effects of radium in certain diseases of the eye. The influence of radium upon the motor-nerve centres he considers of still greater importance. In two cases of nervous spasms, which occurred three or four times a week, weak radium preparations were applied to the temples for two or three days, when the spasms ceased. In a case also of presumptive inability of motion, caused by nervous debility, radium effected a complete cure within three days—probably, however, through suggestion. In acute facial paralysis of entirely new origin, radium effected a cure in one day. Samples of weak radio-activity are now rather inexpensive, so that other physicians are enabled to verify these results.

No Inventors Among Animals.

It has been said by a writer of nature books that a coon will amputate its wounded foot and treat the stump in a rational way to allay the inflammation. If one coon will do this, then all coons will do it under like conditions. The same writer avers that he has seen a woodcock with a broken leg mend the leg with a cast made of clay and dry grass. Then will all woodcocks with broken legs do the same thing? Exceptional intelligence of so extraordinary a character does not occur among the animals. If one fox has been known to catch crabs with his tail, then will all other foxes, under the stress of hunger, where crabs abound, fish with their tails. An animal will not do anything which necessity has not taught its progenitors to do.—John Burroughs, in Independent.



TREATMENT OF HEDGES.

When the hedge plants begin to die out the cause may sometimes be traced to lack of plant food. There is considerable wood removed from hedge plants every year when the hedges are trimmed, and this annual loss cannot be sustained by the plants unless they are assisted. Apply wood ashes freely every fall and early spring.

PRUNING.

Few of the old orchards have been properly pruned. The chief trouble has been that the pruning has been spasmodic. The farm orchard is usually pruned but once in several years and then so severely that the trees for a year or two are thrown out of balance, a condition manifested by a great growth of water-sprouts. The proper way to prune is to begin when trees are young and prune only enough to train and head the tree to the desired form. And then as the trees come into full bearing, little pruning is needed, if done yearly, aside from heading in long growths, training the branches, and removing crossed, crooked and weak branches. Late winter, February and March, is the best time to prune. The wounds should be made as near as possible to the tree trunk and parallel with it and not beyond the bulge and at right angles with the branch, as is so commonly done. An old and a good rule is, "prune strong-growing trees lightly and weak-growing ones severely."—Detroit Free Press.

GIANT GLACIER LETTUCE.

There is considerable profit in growing lettuce for market when one can produce heads of large size which are solid and if located near a large town or city. If the location is near a small town it will hardly pay to give much more space to lettuce than is required to produce that needed for the home table. The Giant Glacier, illustrated



GLACIER LETTUCE.

this week, is one of the most promising of the newer sorts which has been fairly treated.

On the grounds of the writer it did not produce the results claimed for it by the introducers, yet had sufficient merit to warrant further and more extended trials. The heads are large and solid, crisp and tender, while the plant stands the heat of summer well, thus greatly extending the season. One of the peculiarities of the variety is the tufted leaves and these, with the large and solid head, makes the variety exceedingly attractive to offer on the market.

HUMUS IN THE ORCHARD.

It is an important point in farming to preserve the humus in the soil where there is no humus. Humus has a value distinctive from that of the fertility it contains. It holds moisture in the soil and also holds some forms of fertility. To increase it in the orchard a good way is to grow legumes of some sort and plow them under at stated seasons. Not only does the cultivator thus increase the humus in the soil, but the nitrogen is increased as it has been caught from the air by these plants. Some follow the practice of not plowing or spading under the green crop, but of mowing and leaving it on the ground. But to our minds this is a very inferior way of getting the good of decaying humus. The air must in that case rob the crop mown of a part of its fertility, especially the volatile portions. Moreover, the roots in the ground cannot get hold of this decaying vegetation, and we see little chance of their benefiting by it. We believe that by all means the crop should be turned under in some way. The soil will then grow more perfect in mechanical structure from year to year and the roots will always be able to get into touch with the humus and the fertility and the moisture in it.

Peru has but four people to every square mile of territory, and the population is not increasing.

THE COSSACK SINGS AS HE RIDES.

Pictureque Entry of the Russian Cavalry Into Newchwang Described.

Russian troops from the interior continue to arrive here writes the Newchwang correspondent of Collier's Weekly, as they have done ever since hostilities began. For the last two or three days we have heard the incessant tramp of infantry and the clatter of cavalry as they pass along from the railroad station. Now comes a troop of Cossack cavalry mounted on Manchurian ponies, bearing heavy sheepskin overcoats and caps, with their rifles slung over their shoulders and their heavy cavalry swords hung to their sides, singing as they go. One of the troop who has a good voice sings the verses of the song alone and the whole troop sings the chorus. With the tramp of the horses and the clattering of accoutrements, the sight is very impressive to any one who has never seen a troop of Cossack cavalry sweeping by. After the cavalry come the infantry in heavy marching order, dressed in sheepskin coats and caps, thumping along in their heavy boots, with bayonets fixed, their stolid, grimy faces, probably not washed for weeks, peering out between their caps and overcoats.

The Hung Hoods or "Red Beards" which is an organization of Manchurians consisting principally of bandits, are forming bands which will no doubt give the Russians no end of trouble. They know the country so well that the Russians will have no chance of capturing them. They will do everything they can to cut the telegraphic communication with St. Petersburg, and disable the railway line and bridges. This would seriously delay reinforcements and make it almost impossible for the Russians to supply their army, especially in the summer rainy season, when the roads are absolutely impassable, and carts slip up to the hubs of their wheels in the soft mud.

WISE WORDS.

Baggage and burdens come near to being synonymous.

What we see there will depend on what we seek here.

Give the reins to appetite and you give wings to happiness.

No theological faucet is of any value without the eternal fountain.

His love for the lost has kept the world from the loss of all love.

Wounds from wandering are not to be classed with those won in fighting.

Certain thoughts are prayers. These are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be.—Victor Hugo.

If we ask only things of a low trifling nature, unworthy such a giver, He may answer as a prince did, "These are not royal gifts."—Robert Leighton.

The habit of blaming others when things go wrong is an insidious and dangerous one. Far more is it the purpose to inquire within whether the fault or much of it may not lie at home.

What a Lie Did.

The madness of suicide as a relief from mental anguish was vividly illustrated years ago by an incident which occurred in an Italian town. Moretti, a tailor, was sent to prison on a charge of fraud. His sweetheart called upon the police officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined, and was told that it would be probably for many years. The policeman had been instigated to say this by the girl's mother, who disliked the match. Overwhelmed with grief and thereby driven to despair, the poor girl put an end to her life by poison. A few days later Moretti was released from custody, the accusation against him having been proven false. He returned home to find his affianced bride a corpse. Frenzied at the sight, he, too, destroyed himself. The lie wrought a double tragedy.

Butted In at the Wedding.

Land office regulations unfortunately "butted in" on the plans of Cupid the other day at Waurika and stopped a wedding. Samuel Mosler, a home-steador of that vicinity, has arranged to wed Mrs. Mitchell, a buxom widow, who had but recently made her final proof before the local court commissioners. Just before the ceremony was performed word came that a witness' failure to properly sign his name had caused rejection of the papers by the Interior Department. The wedding was postponed, the groom to be apparently being more willing to temporarily relinquish a bride than to permanently relinquish a farm.—Mangum (Texas) Sun-Mirror.

Old English Customs.

Sir Walter Besant's study of old English customs shows that the doctors of several centuries ago prescribed for fevers "a cold water affusion" with drinking of asses' milk. When the queen was ill in 1603 they shaved her head and applied pigeons to her feet. Powdered mummy for a long time was considered to be a specific against diseases. It is said that the reason it went out of use was that dealers took to embalming bodies and then sold them for genuine ancient mummies.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

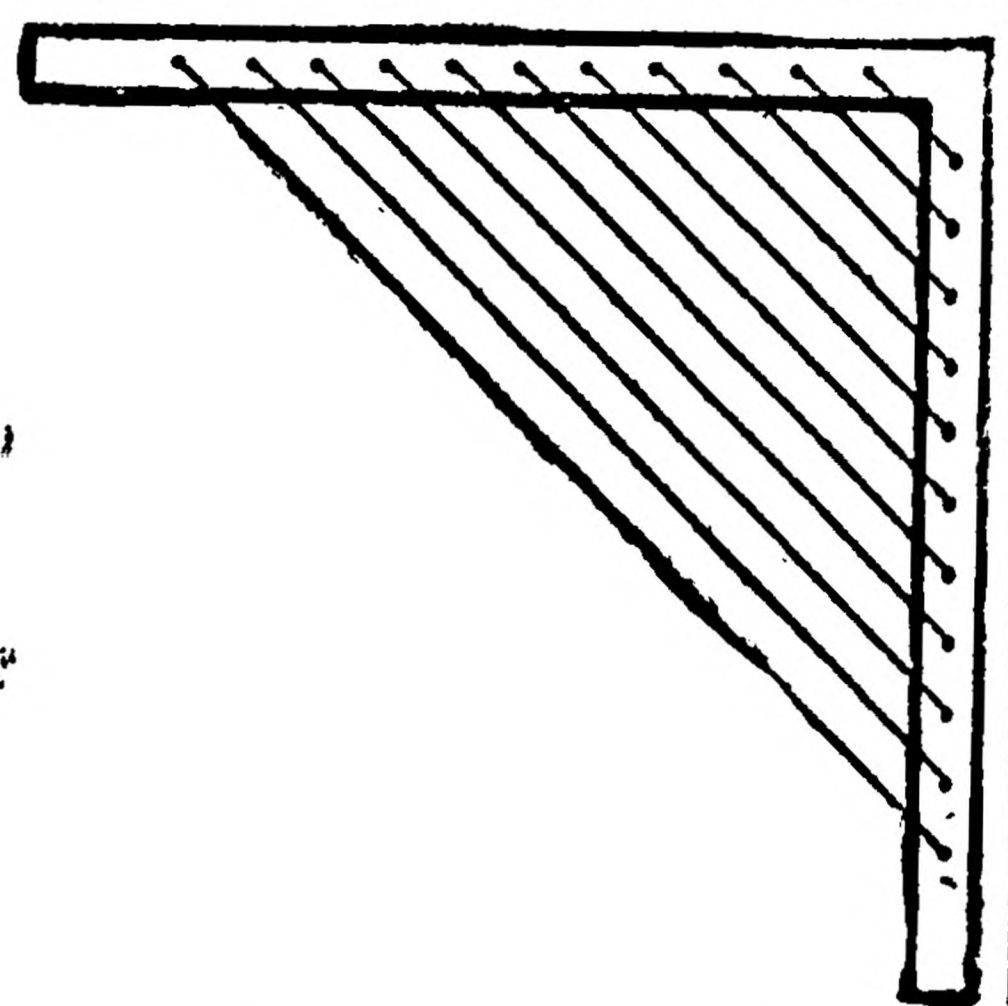


THE FOREST AND THE WOODMAN.

Two woodmen were working when one of them broke the handle of his ax and was unable to find a shaft suitable for a new handle. The woodman prayed to the forest for the branch he sought and promised to go to another land and spare the gracious fir and oak, and tell them no more. His prayer was granted; the woodman forgot his vow and the forest soon found her gift brought death to her. Find the other woodman.—From Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

plete, all but the strings. For the strings get some long rubber bands, or, better still, three violin strings. Stretch these very tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks, beginning at the two tacks at the little end of the angle. When you have fastened each string to the tacks so that it stretches tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks your work will look like the illustration.

To hear it play you have only to fasten it outside of your window so that the wind will blow across the strings.



THE WIND HARP COMPLETE.

As the wind strikes them they will hum as if struck by the fingers of a musician, and the notes will rise or

a perfectly round ball, makes a hoarse, chucking sound as he does it. At the same time he grinds his sharp teeth so that it can be heard four or five feet away.

The rabbit fish, the trunk fish and the cow fish, all armed with prominent teeth, grind and gnash them like the swell fish.

The ugly skate curls itself up after being caught and grunts, groans and gasps like a human being.

The porpoise, which is not a true fish, but looks exactly like one, is known as puffer, and puffing pig, because of his ability to puff so loudly that a school can be heard for miles when the day is calm.

Carp and goldfish often make a curious noise, but it is not uttering sounds in the meaning of the term used here, because they do it merely by approaching the surface of the water and blowing out air in bubbles till a rippling noise is produced.—Indianapolis News.

Japan's Few Paupers.

The Japanese are never able to understand how it is that, though their population is about the same as ours, they have only 21,000 paupers, while we have about 1,000,000. The difference is due to the Japanese attitude toward old age and parenthood. Most of their paupers are children or elderly people whom earthquakes have deprived of their breadwinners. Old age is all but sacred in Japan.—London Chronicle.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

There was a great philosopher,
Lived years and years ago;
And such a merry soul was he
They called him laughing Joe.

For laugh he would throughout the year,
Let things go wrong or right;
Let Fortune smile or Fortune frown,
His heart was ever light.

And little children every day
Would round his place
To listen to his hearty laugh
Or see his smiling face.

But gloomy-minded people said
They thought it was a shame
A man should be disposed to laugh
At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd
And pulled his dwelling down;
They hustled him around the streets,
And drove him from the town.

To find a home beyond the sea
Upon a foreign strand,
And never dare to set a foot
Upon his native land.

But when they chased him from the realm
These people little knew
What even one good-natured soul
And smiling face can do.

Now children seeking after Joe
Would round the ruins stray,
And grieve because the people drove
Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by
Those bad-believing men
Sent messengers across the sea
To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts
To meet him at the shore,
And begged him there to live and laugh
In peace forevermore.

—Palmer Cox, in St. Nicholas.

A Botanist's Adventure.

By Albert W. Tolman.

THE abandoned Beckwith limerock quarry is a gigantic pit, 200 feet deep, blasted out of the solid rock. Almost the entire bottom is filled with a gulf of greenish-black water, forty or fifty feet in depth, reflecting the steep walls in its dark surface.

Arthur Sedgwick, assistant professor of botany in a Western college, came to New England to study the flora of the limerock region. The farm on which the Beckwith quarry is situated was rich in wild flowers, and the botanist had obtained from its owner full permission to tread down the grass as much as he pleased. After a delightful morning in the field, Sedgwick became curious to look into the deep, rocky gulf. Lying flat, he edged cautiously up to the brink and peered over.

The cliff down which he gazed was so nearly vertical that a plumb-line dropped from its summit would have fallen straight to the water, 200 feet below. He noted the rocky walls of blue and slaty white, darkened here and there by springs that trickled out between the shelly layers. His botanist's eye marked the green tufts of grass and the clusters of white yarrow that decked the little ledges in the course of the waterflow.

Just above the level of the pond, at its eastern end, he saw the heaps of ashes and a circle of bricks on the clinker-strewn terrace where the pump-house had once stood. Up to the top of the sheer wall beside it ran a line of rusty red, broken by a few short iron rods, with scattered chain-links and frayed rope-ends hanging to them, showing where the pipe that drained the quarry had been fastened.

As Sedgwick's eyes followed the water-line along the base of the steep cliffs, his attention was caught by a dash of vivid pink against the dull blue quarry wall. It needed no second glance to tell him what it was. Pink yarrow!

He had known that it existed in the region, but so far had been unable to find any specimens. It was a long way down to that cluster of bloom, but he determined to add it to his herbarium, if there was any possible way of reaching the shelf on which it grew.

Not far away, in the end of the quarry, was the line of ladders and steep stairs which had formerly been used by the workmen. A brief circuit through the thick grass brought the botanist to its top.

The first stage of the descent was a ladder running fifty feet down the face of a perpendicular cliff; from the ledge on which the ladder ended a stairway almost as steep led down forty feet further to a second ledge; then came another ladder longer than the first; and finally a second stairway landed close to the coveted bloom.

Sedgwick was too sensible to incur actual danger for the sake of gaining the spray of yarrow; on the other hand, he did not propose to be frightened from his purpose by the mere difficulty of the accomplishment.

He scanned the ladder below him. Its rounds appeared perfectly strong. Better still, a wire rope, running through eyes in the end of iron rods, and serving as a hand-rail, was stretched close beside the ladders and stairs clear to the edge of the water. Although the canvas that covered this rope was frayed and its supporting rods were red with rust, it gave promise of security in case the wood should fail.

Sedgwick's arms were strong and his nerves sound. Keeping firm hold of the twisted steel, he cautiously tested the upper rounds of the ladder with his feet. No signs of decay were apparent, and he began the descent.

So careful was his progress that it was fully ten minutes before he stood on the final ledge, only a few inches above the water. A few steps brought him to the spray of yarrow, and presently it lay with the other specimens

in the canister slung over his shoulder. Before beginning the ascent he stood for a time looking up.

From the field of blue sky between the cliff summits the unclouded sun sent down a flood of fiery light. No breeze was stirring in the deep pit. It was like a cauldron filled with tremulous air, seething in glassy billows in the intense heat. Sedgwick almost wondered that the pond did not boil under the glowing rays. Far above, the wire of the old cableway cut the summer sky, a thread of black. A bird, perched upon it, sent down an occasional inquiring note. It was too hot to stay there long. Sedgwick fanned himself with his straw hat, and then began to ascend.

It was a slow, weary climb beneath the scalding sun; but step by step he won his way upward. Ere long he was at the foot of the last ladder, fifty feet from the top. Round by round he ascended, until he had gone ten feet. Then something gave way above.

The ladder settled slightly, and its top dropped straight out from the cliff. As Sedgwick felt himself falling backward he instinctively let go the rounds and grasped with both hands at the wire rope beside him, swinging himself out of the line of the ladder as he did so.

His presence of mind and quickness of action undoubtedly saved his life. A hundred feet below him there was a heavy plunge in the pond, a suggestion of his own probable fate had he been a second slower.

For a brief space he hung dangling at arm's length against the face of the perpendicular wall, too horrified to do anything but hold on for dear life. His broad-brimmed straw hat had fallen off, and it sailed downward, this way and that, until at last it came to rest on the surface of the water.

But presently the strain began to tell on the botanist's muscles, strong though they were. Two feet above his finger tips the rope ran through the eye of a supporting rod. If he could but raise his body and get up on this bar, he would for the time be comparatively safe.

In a few seconds he stood, hot and breathless, on the slender piece of steel. What should he do next?

He looked up. It was more than thirty feet to the roots of the tall grass-stalks that shook their tufted tops along the edge of the quarry. He turned his glance downward. The top of the first stairway was only five yards below. It would be an easy matter to swing himself down to the safety those wooden steps afforded, while to climb to the level of the field meant several minutes of hard and painful work.

Once at the top, however, he was free to go where he pleased; but if he descended and waited for his plight to be discovered, he might have to remain hours in that rocky pit, hatless under the broiling sun.

Sedgwick's resolution was soon taken. He would scale the summit as soon as his arms could carry him there.

The rods supporting the wire rope were ten feet apart, so the next above the one on which he stood was about a yard and a half over his head. There were only two more between that and the top. Reaching as high as he could, the botanist began to "shin" the cable. He threw up his right hand for another grip. His fingers closed over a spot where the rotting canvas had left the wire strands bare.

The metal was burning hot. Worse than that, several needle-pointed wire-ends studded the otherwise smooth surface, and drew the blood wherever they touched the skin. It was like grasping a metallic stinging nettle. If he took light hold he could not lift his weight, while a firm grasp meant cruel laceration of his hands.

Sedgwick set his teeth and contracted his grip. A man can afford to undergo some physical discomfort when

he is swinging over a hundred feet of empty air.

Once, twice, three times he renewed his hold, raising himself until he could get one knee over the bar. When he finally stood upon it the insides of his hands and fingers were bleeding copiously from dozens of minute punctures, and a perspiration stood in big drops on his face. His head throbbed painfully in the hot sun. The veins and arteries seemed full to the point of bursting.

Decidedly, this was more than he had bargained for. But the grass-roots were now barely twenty feet above, and he entertained no thought of turning back.

It was now dead noon and fearfully hot. The hard bluish-white wall swam before the botanist's eyes. If only some cloud would check those terrible fiery arrows the sun was shooting at him!

The light tin canister weighed like lead upon his shoulders. His arms ached as if they would drop off, and he was growing weak and dizzy. What if he were to have a sunstroke before he reached the surface!

The dread of it gave him fresh strength, and before this wore away he had lifted himself ten feet higher and stood on another bar. There was but one more; and after that—safety.

The next few moments were agonizing ones for Sedgwick; moments of dead, painful effort that seemed to drain his system to the very dregs of energy and endurance.

The blood from his torn hands ran down his wrists into his sleeves as he climbed, and now and then a drop spattered upon his face. The pitiless sun-rays seemed to be probing his brain, burning out the power of thought and leaving only the consciousness of suffering.

Yet in spite of all he kept rising. First with one hand, then with the other, he grasped the strands above the bar. The eye through which the rope ran was close to his chin; it touched his chest, his thigh. A second later he got his knee upon it and then his foot. His face was just above the level of the ground, and the warm fragrance of the luxuriant grass was strong in his nostrils.

And now, when deliverance seemed so close, came the most terrible five seconds the botanist ever experienced. As he stood on the six-inch rod of steel, his body was turned sidewise so that it leaned against the cliff. He had yet to raise himself five feet before he would be on solid ground. The wire rope could assist him no longer, for its end was fastened round a spike in a drill-hole level with his chest; and he must get a firm hold a yard higher before he could safely pull himself up.

With bleeding hands he explored the soil among the grass-roots, seeking a place suitable for his purpose. If he tried to reach very far from the edge he could not sink his fingers deeply in the earth, while if he took hold too near the brink the turf might pull through and allow him to fall backward.

At last he found a spot that satisfied him, and worked his hands down into the ground, regardless of the pain. Then, mustering all his strength, he raised himself slightly.

His feet had hardly left the bar when his right handhold tore out; his left followed. He slipped back, clutching wildly at the grass-stalks, until his soles touched again the slender rod of steel. There he stood for a moment, rigid with horror, tottering above the abyss.

Everything depended on the turn his body took in balancing. If it swayed inward, all might yet be well; if outward, there was the rugged cliff-side and the pond far below. A grain of energy might turn the scale in either direction, for life or for death.

With senses sharpened by the imminent peril, Sedgwick made a decisive effort. His body swayed in toward the cliff, and the crisis was past!

But there was no time to waste. He felt that the next attempt must be his last. Taught by experience, he dug his hands so deeply into the soil that there was no possibility of losing his hold again.

A minute later he was lying prone in the tall grass a good ten feet from the brink of the quarry. The spray of pink yarrow is in his herbarium now, and he never turns to the page without remembering the danger he underwent in securing that particular specimen—Yarrow's Companion.

Highest Waterfall in the World.

The highest known waterfall in the world was the Cerosola Cascade, in the Alps, having a drop of 2400 feet. But one in the San Cuayatan Canyon, in the State of Durango, Mexico, now claims first place. It was discovered by some prospectors ten years ago in the great barranca district, which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With much difficulty the party pushed on and up and down the mighty chasm until they beheld the superb fall, which is said to be at least 3000 feet high.—London Tit-Bits.

The annual government expenditures for the promotion of agriculture are \$4,500,000 spent by the States and \$1,250,000 by the national Secretary of Agriculture.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



EASY CARPET CLEANING.

To clean a carpet without removing it from the floor, sprinkle it generously with slightly dampened sawdust. After it has lain on the floor for a few minutes go over the carpet with a stiff broom moistened with hot water and kept clean by being frequently rinsed with hot water as the sweeping progresses. After the sawdust has been removed, sweep the carpet with a softer broom. To go over it a third time with a broom bound with a soft cloth dampened with ammonia water (one teaspoon ammonia to one quart of water) brightens the colors and removes the last particle of dust. The cloth must be kept clean by constant rinsing, and the ammonia water must be kept clean by rinsing the cloth in a separate bucket.

CARE OF BROOMS.

Brooms are expensive articles, and we wish them to last as long as possible. When you are buying a broom select one that has a tinge of green about it, for it shows that the corn was cut when it was young and pliant. Make it a rule that whoever uses the broom shall hang it up as soon as the sweeping is done, and it will keep its shape much longer than if it is thrown behind the door until it is wanted again. The springs sold for that purpose are good and can be fastened to the door frame or any other convenient place; or a screw eye may be screwed into the top of the handle and the broom hung up on a nail or hook when not in use. A new broom should never be used to scrub with. This advice has been given so often that it seems useless to repeat it, yet we see it done every day, and housewives wonder why their brooms wear out so soon.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

In decorating a table where a few flowers are obliged to do duty the serviettes can be folded in form of a cornucopia either in one large opening or two smaller ones, as preferred. For a pretty floral decoration to this white linen two or three blossoms with some green leaves can be so grouped in each opening as to form a dainty little bouquet, the flowers and leaves standing up as in a vase.

As a more simple, and yet artistic adornment, a double carnation, with a spray of mignonette, makes an effective showing when combined with two or three light-colored geranium leaves. As an extra ornamentation for the board, violets or pansies, when in season, or any spring blossom of not too large proportion, is exceedingly decorative when placed at regular intervals apart over this snowy white damask. The table linen in this case is better without figure, with only one broad stripe in the border. As a table border the smilax is a lovely green, and is sure to be an effective plan, with the four corners decorated with cream-colored satin ribbon in a garniture of big bows and long flowing ends. If desired, a delicate pink is showy, and makes an acceptable finish; also a light blue or a pale lemon.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Buttered Parsnips—Boil tender and scrape; slice lengthwise. Put three tablespoonsful butter in a saucepan, with pepper, salt and a little chopped parsley. When heated put in the parsnips. Shake and turn until mixture boils, then lay the parsnips in order upon a dish, and pour the butter over them and serve.

Cottage Pie—A cottage pie makes a good supper dish. Mince a pound of cold meat and mix with a sliced onion that has been freshly fried in a little butter. Season with salt and pepper and place in a pie dish with a little water. Cover evenly with a deep layer of mashed potatoes beaten light and topped by a few pieces of butter. Bake about half an hour.

Creamed Potatoes—Chop the potatoes or cut in small cubes; make a good white sauce, using two tablespoonsful of butter, one and a half of flour, and a cup and a half of milk; season well with salt and pepper, stir in the potatoes, tossing lightly so that they will not be "mussy;" just before turning out the flame sprinkle a little minced parsley over the top.

Pickled Quinces—Quarter the quinces and steam until tender, then drop them into the following mixture: One quart vinegar, one cup sugar, one teaspoon ground cinnamon and one-half teaspoon ground cloves tied in a thin cloth. Have this hot and cook the steamed quinces in it for five minutes. These should stand a few days before being used. Quinces are so tart that they require more sugar than other sweet pickles. The vinegar should just cover the quinces.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Rev. W. W. Moore has been elected President of the Union Theological Seminary at Richmond, Va.

Engene N. Foss has given \$50,000 to the University of Vermont. The college holds its 160th commencement on July 6.

E. Robinson, of New York, has presented two bronze doors for the main entrance of Robinson Hall, Harvard University.

The largest subscription for the Yale alumni fund ever raised has been collected this year, for \$50,000 will be turned into the treasury.

A full set of seal rules has been presented to the forestry department of the University of Michigan, by the Lufkin Rule Company, of Saginaw.

A new building has been completed for Chicago University at a cost of \$270,000. Among other appointments it contains a regulation court room.

Eleven courses in forestry are offered by the University of Michigan to its students the current year, as against six last year, and none the year before.

Miss Nettie Maria Stevens, of Mountain View, Cal., research fellow in biology at Bryn Mawr, has been appointed a research assistant by the Carnegie Institute.

A gift of \$200,000 by John D. Rockefeller to Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland was announced at the installation of Dr. Howe as President of Case School.

Dr. Le Baron R. Briggs, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University, has been chosen President of Radcliffe College for Women, succeeding Mrs. Louis Agassiz.

Photographic records of Emperor William's voice, on metal matrices, will be the first deposits made in the phonetic archives that are to be kept at Harvard University.

Strange Chinese Custom.

Visitors to China are particularly struck by the numbers of pairs of boots hung in separate wooden cages in the archway of the main west gate of Hsuan-Hua, the valedictory gifts of beneficial prefects. It is an attractive custom in China to invite a departing magistrate whose rule has been popular to leave a pair of old boots for suspension in a prominent place as a hint to his successor to follow in his footsteps.

On the docks of London in one year 76,800 rats have been destroyed, but the medical officer of health for the port is doubtful whether that was as much as the natural increase of births over deaths, and more vigorous measures are to be taken.

The late Count von Moltke was so struck with the force of the presentation of the unattractive side of war by Vereschagin that he forbade German soldiers visiting that artist's exhibitions.

Wm. McSherry, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.

Will carefully and promptly attend to legal business entrusted to him. Office of Justice Court House.

John B. McPherson. Donald F. McPherson.

McPHERSON & McPHERSON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

G. J. Benner,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Offices on Baltimore Street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Beaman's Drug Store.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR.

House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choicest wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

AUCTIONEERING.

CELESTIAL

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address York Springs, Adams County, Pa.

S. S. NEELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office in Star and Sentinel Building, second floor, Baltimore street, over cash store, Oct. 8, '02. 11.

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Don't purchase of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904.

Hicks Says July will be a Scorcher.

The Rev. H. R. Hicks promises all kinds and conditions of weather for July. From the fourth to the sixth day of the month he looks for a torrid spell with thunder and lightning accompaniments, and between the eleventh and fourteenth days a second hot period, with local cloudburst and heavy hail storms is predicted. July 17 to 19, 21 to 24 and 27, 28 are other dates on which excessively warm weather and atmospheric disturbances may be looked for. This is the text of Mr. Hicks' predictions in Word and Works:

This month begins in the last stage of a storm period central on June the 29th. Storms and perturbations of this period will be well on their way toward the Atlantic by the 1st and 2nd, with fair and cooler weather following from the west.

A reactionary storm period in central from the 4th to the 6th. As the moon is on the celestial equator on the 4th, we may reasonably calculate on a decided rise in temperature, ending in thunder and rain storms during these reactionary days.

About the 11th to 14th, the central dates of the second July storm period, no one should be surprised by a wave of excessive warm weather, culminating in many threatening storms and violent dangerous blustering. Some most likely attend these disturbances, and there, but we do not believe that sufficient rains will occur at this time, over wide extremes of the grain-producing regions. Heavy hail storms, especially to the west and north, will cross the country on and touching in which event temporary change to much cooler may naturally be expected. The 12th, 13th and 14th are the days on which the culminating crisis of this period is to be looked for. Change to higher barometer, westerly winds and cooler would be the normal order progressively behind or west of the centers of storm areas.

On and touching the 17th, 18th and 19th the temperature will greatly increase, moving like a wave from west to east. Barometric unsteadiness and final fall to low readings will accompany the warmth, and many threatening storm clouds with thunder and bluster will take up their march eastwardly across the country. Heavy local concentrations of rain and hail will touch scattered localities, but we fear that there will be serious lack of general, diffused rains.

A regular Vulcan storm period covers the 21st to the 24th, having its center on the 22nd. The most casual observers and readers of weather reports will see that a wave of increased warmth, attended by falling barometer and other storm conditions, will organize in the west and pass eastward, local cloudbursts are probable.

On and touching the 27th and 28th reactionary storm conditions will return with more than ordinary intensity. At this time the earth will be nearing the opposition of Saturn—that is, passing between the sun and the great planet, Saturn. The moon will also be in opposition with earth and sun, or at its full, and the Mars period will be exactly central. Great warmth will, in every probability, reach a climax on and next to these dates.

Heroic Rescue.

While in bathing, ten-year-old Barney Bailey was rescued from drowning in an iron mine pool, near Dallastown, York county, Tuesday, by Clarence Conway, 12 years of age, who displayed great courage in saving him.

Young Bailey had ventured to the middle of the pool and his strength gave out. He had gone down for the third time when Conway reached him, and by diving brought him to the surface and to shore.

Conway was exhausted by his efforts, and Bailey was resuscitated with difficulty.

A Teacher's Record.

John M. Wolf, of Hanover, is booked again as a teacher for Penn township, York county. This makes his 57th term in succession and during that time he missed only 3 1/2 days. He is aged 72 years.

Mr. Wolf started to teach in Adams county and is one of the few teachers now living who attended the first real teachers' institute in Adams county sixty years ago.

Fine assortment Ladies' Neckwear, Shirt Waist Sets, Belts, Laces and Embroidery.
THE WENTZ CO.,
23 Baltimore Street, Hanover.

Attempted Abduction.

From Tuesday's York Dispatch.

George Morningstar, of Philadelphia, is apparently, determined to recover possession of his children, Bertha, aged 14, who lives with her aunt, Mrs. A. Givens, at 209 Chestnut street, and Edgar, aged 11, who resides with his maternal grandparents, near New Oxford. Mrs. Lulu Morningstar, of Pittsburg, is determined that her children shall remain in her possession, as they have been for the past two years.

Mrs. Givens told The Dispatch this afternoon that George Morningstar deserted his wife, who is her sister, over two years ago, and that since that time she had taken care of her niece Bertha, while the boy, Edgar, had been sent to live with his mother's parents near New Oxford. Morningstar never contributed a cent to his children's support, nor did his wife ever hear from him, she said.

A short time ago, says Mrs. Givens, a woman named Smith came to board with her, and seemed anxious to get the child, Bertha, to go out with her. Subsequently Mrs. Givens learned that this woman professed to be Morningstar's second wife, and was trying to abduct the girl in the latter's interest.

Mrs. Givens also claims that Morningstar's sister had recently hung about her home, and endeavored to secure possession of the child. Finally after many attempts Morningstar did manage to see his daughter alone, and promised her a silk dress and a gold watch if she would go away with him, but the girl declined, at least for the time being.

Today at Morningstar's instance Detective Stoner served notice on Mrs. Givens to surrender the girl to him; but the aunt positively refused to surrender Bertha, and will await the action of the court. Meanwhile it is said Morningstar went to New Oxford to secure possession of his boy.

Mrs. Givens says her sister always supported her children, and sends them money from Pittsburg, to which place she went only recently, and because of her having secured lucrative employment there. As soon as Detective Stoner presented the demand for the girl a telegram was sent to Mrs. Morningstar who expected to arrive from Pittsburg at once. Mrs. Givens says she will be frantic when she learns of the attempt to deprive her of her children.

Wednesday's Dispatch says: George Morningstar has, apparently abandoned his intention of securing possession of his daughter, Bertha, and he and his son Edgar, whom he found at New Oxford yesterday, left for Philadelphia last evening. The boy went with his father willingly, and seemed to be pleased with the prospect of a new home.

[Mrs. Lulu Morningstar and Mrs. Alice Givens are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. David Shultz, of near Brush Run, Mt. Pleasant township, where the son Edgar made his home, and from where Morningstar removed him.]

Rare Treasures These.

Mrs. Henry Sillik, of Cushtown, has some interesting and valuable relics, in an excellent state of preservation, brought over from Germany by her grandfather more than 100 years ago. Among them is a so-called "fat lamp," a small hand-made lamp of iron, a primitive affair but at present of considerable value. Among her other prized treasures are a piano built in England more than a century ago but as bright as if new, and a drinking mug which was used at the time of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Old letters, bundles of them from Europe, with rare stamps attached, such as would make a philatelist turn green with envy, are also to be seen at the home of Mrs. Sillik.

Good style and quality Figured Lawns at 9c; the 12 1/2c kind. THE WENTZ CO.,
23 Balto. St., Hanover.

Partial List of Claims Paid by Rep. Benefit Association.

The Republic Benefit Association of the U. S., one of the oldest and strongest Sick, Accident and Death Benefit Associations in the U. S. We accept Male and Female members from 16 to 55 years old. Dues collected monthly; benefits paid weekly. Accident benefits from \$3 to \$10 per week; sick benefits \$2 to \$10 per week; death benefits \$50 to \$250. Accident benefits in immediate effect; sick and funeral benefits in effect after 90 days.

BENEFITS PAID IN HANOVER.
William Andrews.....\$ 8 00
J. P. Eline.....6 00
John C. Esaly.....7 00
Gustus Alwood.....4 00
John Rabenstine.....12 00
Wesley Mummert.....10 50
Ruben Williams.....5 00
Luther Hiltnerick.....10 00
David Money.....14 00
Gustus Alwood.....30 00

BITTINGER, PA.
Solomon Wolf.....\$14 00
SPRING FORGE, PA.
Ephraim Bowersox.....\$32 00
Henry Hoke.....24 00

V. L. Emlet,
Dist. AGT. YORK AND ADAMS COS.,
21 Montgomerytown Ave., Hanover, Pa.

Thomas C. Johnson of the Hanover fair grounds, was at Cincinnati the past week for the purpose of bringing back 'Twinkle,' who has a mark of 2:05 1/4, the fastest horse ever owned in this section. The mare will be in H. N. Gitt's stable and will be an acquisition of which Mr. Gitt may feel proud.

Randolph Wehler Successful.

After a great deal of effort and correspondence, Randolph Wehler, the popular druggist, has succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

This medicine is a recent discovery for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels. It not only gives quick relief, but it makes permanent cures.

Dr. Howard's specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles that Randolph Wehler is willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

The old-fashioned idea of dosing with mineral waters, cathartic pills or harsh purgatives will soon be a thing of the past. The best physicians are prescribing Dr. Howard's specific because it really gives the desired results and on account of the small and pleasant dose that is needed.

Headaches, coated tongue, dizziness, gas on stomach, specks before the eyes, constipation, and all forms of liver and stomach trouble are soon cured by this scientific medicine.

So great is the demand for this specific that Randolph Wehler has been able to secure only a limited supply, and every one who is troubled with dyspepsia, constipation or liver trouble should call upon him at once, or send 25 cents, and get sixty doses of the best medicine ever made, on this special half price offer, with the personal guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,

Physician and Surgeon.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day within a radius of three miles.

DR. S. G. COONS,

Physician and Surgeon.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON PITT STREET, NEAR W. M. DEPOT.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF ADAMS AND FULTON COUNTIES:

The position of President Judge of this Judicial District is one that should be sought after honorably and fairly and if acquired should be filled impartially and justly. After repeated requests from my friends to be a candidate for this office I have decided to announce myself as such, subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention of Adams County, and the Democratic Conference of this District. If nominated by the Adams County Convention I will use every honorable means to secure the District nomination and if successful in obtaining this, will exert every effort fairly and honorably to secure my election.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. S. DUNCAN.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF ADAMS AND FULTON COUNTIES.

My Fellow Democrats:— Since very many of my friends have kindly asked me to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President Judge of this District, it is due to you and to them that I make known my position in the matter.

It seems to me that a Judgeship should not be unduly sought; nor, unless for good reasons, be declined, if offered. No higher honor could come to me than to be called by the votes of my fellow citizens to preside as President Judge over the Courts of this Judicial District.

If I am nominated, I will gladly accept the nomination, and I will use every legal and honorable means to secure my election.

It will be a pleasure for me to meet you and to hear from you; and I trust you will confer with your delegates so that your wishes in the matter may be known, and your nominee when named may be satisfactory to the majority of the voters. If I am nominated and elected, I will discharge the duties of my office with fidelity.

Very truly yours,
WM. McSHERRY.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF ADAMS AND FULTON COUNTIES:

I hereby announce my candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the office of President Judge of the 51st Judicial District, composed of the Counties of Adams and Fulton. Subject to the decision of the Adams County Convention and the District Conference.

Geo. J. BENNER.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
JOHN U. RUFF.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE
GEORGE F. SLAGLE,

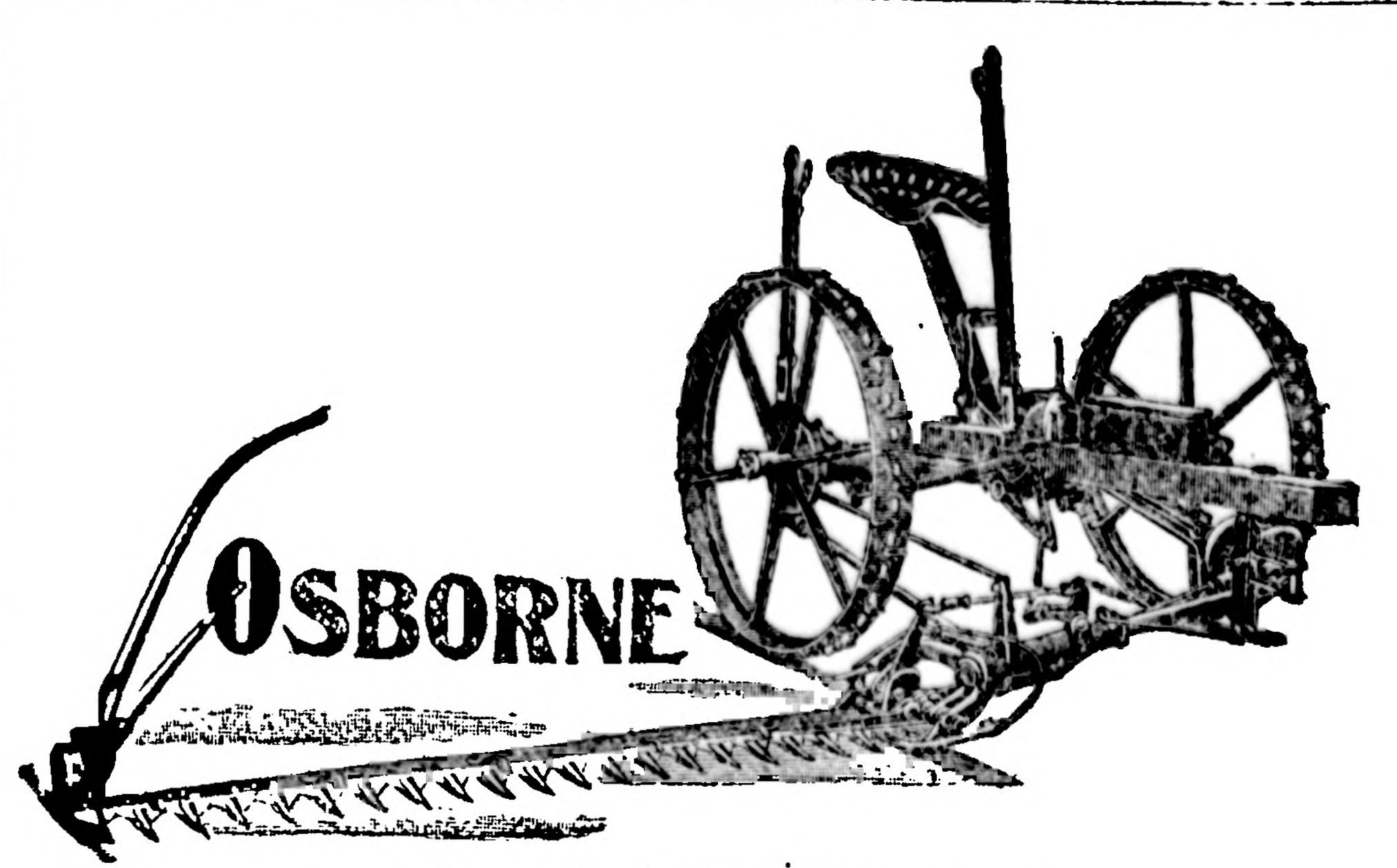
OF OXFORD TOWNSHIP.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
REILY S. HARNISH,

OF GETTYSBURG BOROUGH.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.



Not In The Trust.
If You Buy An **OSBORNE**
Binder, Mower, Tedder, or Hay Rake from
J. B. WEAVER
You Will Get A 1904 Machine.

Last fall the Harvester Combine discharged 7500 men because they had a surplus of machines manufactured ahead. This surplus stock was shipped to their different warehouses—The Harrisburg storage houses be packed to the roof with this Surplus Stock, which they are trying to unload on the farmers for new or 1904 machines. When the farms help them unload their old stock, then the Trust will come out with a new INTERNATIONAL Machine.

The **OSBORNE** is Not In The Trust
and if you buy a Machine of "JO" WEAVER, you will get the latest 1904 Machine. See his samples.
WE ARE NOT UNLOADING OLD CARRIED-OVER STOCK ON YOU.

NEW OXFORD Bargain Grocery Store.

Horse and Cattle Powders..

Well, the time is again here to feed stock a good powder. We have at all times Baum's, Pratts, Barkers, Hess and Schmidts Powders.

Received to day, Mar. 11, 300 bushels of Shell arks to sell at \$1.50 per bushel and will pay 20 cents per lb. for the kernels.

Don't forget that prices are as they always have been, As Low as the Lowest when Quality is Considered.

Highest Cash Prices Paid at all times for Eggs, in trade or Cash.

E. E. FRIED,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Closing Out. Special Notice!

Desiring to retire from the Shoe Business, I desire to inform the public that I will sell my entire stock at and below Cost. Must be sold. Come and reap the result and the money is yours.

H. K. Schnell.
HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD.

...Dentistry...

If you have trouble of any kind with your teeth, don't hesitate, but go at once to

Hanover Dental Rooms

where you may have free advice regarding your special case. If your teeth ache have them filled or crowned. If your plate does not fit ask our advice. If you have teeth to be extracted take our

VITILIZED AIR
and you will suffer no pain. We use modern methods and feel satisfied we can please you.

DR. C. P. WOLCOTT,
Shirk Building, Hanover, Pa.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

—OF THE—
New Oxford Borough School District
for year ending June 3rd, 1904.

—RECEIPTS—
Balance from last year.....\$ 67 52
State appropriation, regular.....27 50
State appropriation, special.....27 85
Taxes for year 1903.....856 87
Taxes for year 1902.....1 88
From all other sources, tuition, etc.....39 01
\$1 552 72

—EXPENDITURES—
Teachers' salaries.....\$1 000 00
Teachers attending institute.....27 50
School Text Books.....47 96
Supplies other than text books.....33 32
Repairing and cleaning.....11 00
Fire insurance.....15 00
Auditors' fees and affidavits.....3 75
Printer for advertising.....5 00
Janitors' salary.....60 00
Secretary's salary, postage, etc.....25 50
Treasurer's fees.....27 30
Fuel, water and contingencies.....135 22
\$1 892 65

RECAPITULATION.
Received from all sources.....\$1 552 74
Paid out for all purposes.....1 892 65
Balance in treasury.....\$ 160 09

JNO. N. HERSH, Treasurer.
We, the undersigned Auditors of the Borough of New Oxford have examined the above account of John N. Hersh, Treasurer of the New Oxford School Board, and find it correct as stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 27th day of May, 1904.

S. F. Keeny, Auditor.

J. W. SMITH, Auditor.

5-17-04

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF EDWARD EMMET, DECEASED.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Edward Emmet, late of Tyrone township, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

HENRY E. EMMET, Administrator.

5-27-04

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF NOAH J. BIEVENOUR.—Letters testamentary on the estate of NOAH J. BIEVENOUR, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY A. BIEVENOUR, Executrix.

5-13-04

I Have Money to Loan on Real Estate,

no matter where located at 4% per cent. and 5 per cent. interest. If you desire a loan, and have real estate to warrant it, write to me all about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. ARMINGTON PEAVER, Mortgage Broker,
610 C St. 1000 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



LIGHT HEART.

Little Paul Spry
Knew how to fly
Into his clothes in the morning.

Little Paul Spry
Always said "Try."
And was up with the birds at the dawning.
—M. R. S., in Christian Register.

TO MAKE A WIND HARP.

A great many of our readers are very clever little musicians, and some of them play several kinds of instruments, the violin, banjo, mandolin, etc., but there are still more of them who do not play at all, although they are just as fond of music as the rest.

Here is a way in which you can have all the music you want and music of a very high order, too, which none of your little friends can produce on their favorite instruments, no matter how hard they try. You may have one of the very oldest musicians in the world playing for you, and you may listen to the very same melodies that the ancient Greeks used to hear and which they thought so beautiful that they said the spirit of music, which they called the Great God Pan, was playing for them. This music is nothing but the wind, and it is ready at all times to play for you if you will provide the instrument.

Take two smooth strips of board, each about two feet long and two inches wide, and join them together at one end so that they will form a right angle, like two sides of a square. Now drive a row of tacks in each stick, having each tack about two inches apart, and your instrument is com-

plete, all but the strings. For the strings get some long rubber bands, or, better still, three violin strings. Stretch these very tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks, beginning at the two tacks at the little end of the angle. When you have fastened each string to the tacks so that it stretches tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks your work is finished and you have a harp which will look like the illustration.

To hear it play you have only to fasten it outside of your window so that the wind will blow across the strings.

FISH ARE NOT DUMB.

The fishes are generally known as creatures that are completely dumb, but as a matter of fact there are a great many that utter loud sounds.

A huge fish, with big, grinding teeth dwells in salt water, and is found all along the United States coast from Massachusetts to Florida. It is called the drum, because of the deep, booming noises that it makes.

The drum feeds by preference on oysters and mussels, and when a school of the big fellows is gathered in a shallow bay on the oyster beds it often is possible on a still night to hear their deep booming plainly.

Another salt water fish, the beautiful trout-like squeteague, utters a croak, extremely musical, much like that of a big bullfrog.

Another croaker is a fish allied to the squeteague, known as a croaker.

The sea robin, so called because it has magnificent crimson fins as big as a bird's wings just behind its head, is another fish with a voice. He utters a deep, loud "quawk" when he is caught and repeats it every time he is touched.

The littler puffer, or swell fish, which has the ability to puff itself into

THE GIANT TREES.

One of Them Would Make a Fence Six Feet High and Twenty-four Miles Long.

The only way we can comprehend the greatness of the "big trees" of California without actually seeing them is by comparing them with things of everyday life. Imagine one of these trees being transplanted to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, New York City. It would make the Fifth Avenue Hotel look like a cottage, and if the largest tree now growing on Manhattan Island were placed on the top of the Flatiron Building, it would still be in the shade of the big tree's upper branches. General Waltenhofel stated not long ago that if he could have had one of these big trees to throw across the Pei-ho River upon the arrival of the international army, it would have served as a bridge across which he could have marched the entire 30,000 men into Peking in forty-five minutes.

It is estimated that some of these trees contain 750,000 feet of lumber, and we may get an idea of what this means when we hear that it would make a board fence six feet high and twenty-four miles long, or that it would supply enough telegraph poles to support a line of wires running from Kansas City to Chicago. If the tallest elm tree you know of were cut down and bent into a circle, it would just about make a ring to fit the base of one of the big trees. But it is not their size alone which makes these giants so impressive; their age is still more remarkable. When Cheop's army of 100,000 men began to build the great pyramid of Jeezeh, over 2000 years before Christ, these Sequoias, as they are called, had bark on them a foot thick; they were old, old trees when Methuselah was a baby—they are the very oldest living things on the face of the earth. And we Americans should regard them as a priceless heritage, which once taken from us could never be replaced, and we should at any cost guard them forever from those who with ax and saw would in one week undo the work of 8000 years.—Woman's Home Companion.

Utilizing the Dead Sea.

It is believed that before very long the Dead Sea will be exploited for industrial purposes. French engineers are at work on three different projects with this purpose in view. The level of the Dead Sea being more than 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean and Red seas, it is thought by connecting either of these two seas by means of a canal with the Dead Sea, a stream of water would flow with a velocity calculated to produce some 25,000 horsepower. There is danger, it is asserted, of an overflowing of the Dead Sea, for the waters there evaporate at so great a rate (6,000,000 tons a day) that the incoming waters would make no appreciable difference in the level. One project is to start the canal from the Bay of Acre, lead it southward past Mount Tabor, and let it join at Baisan, the waters of the Jordan. Another plan is to build the canal along the railway line from Jaffa to Jerusalem. But this would mean blasting a tunnel of some thirty-seven miles through the mountains of Old Judea. The third project, the cheapest, proposes to start at Akaba, in the Red Sea, and pass through the desert of Wady-el-Jebel. Having obtained power in this manner, it is thought many industrial works will be carried on.—London Daily News.

Radium as a Pain-Killer.

United States Consul General Guenther, of Frankfurt, writes as follows: Dr. Darier, of Paris, describes a case of cancer of the face which, through application of radium, had been rendered painless. Similar results have been obtained by other noted experts. He has also found quick and pain-killing effects of radium in certain diseases of the eye. The influence of radium upon the motor-nerve centres he considers of still greater importance. In two cases of nervous spasms, which occurred three or four times a week, weak radium preparations were applied to the temples for two or three days, when the spasms ceased. In a case also of presumptive inability of motion, caused by nervous debility, radium effected a complete cure within three days—probably, however, through suggestion. In acute facial paralysis of entirely new origin, radium effected a cure in one day. Samples of weak radio-activity are now rather inexpensive, so that other physicians are enabled to verify these results.

No Inventors Among Animals.

It has been said by a writer of nature books that a coon will amputate its wounded foot and treat the stump in a rational way to allay the inflammation. If one coon will do this, then all coons will do it under like conditions. The same writer avers that he has seen a woodcock with a broken leg mend the leg with a cast made of clay and dry grass. Then will all woodcocks with broken legs do the same thing? Exceptional intelligence of so extraordinary a character does not occur among the animals. If one fox has been known to catch crabs with his tail, then will all other foxes, under the stress of hunger, where crabs abound, fish with their tails. An animal will not do anything which necessity has not taught its progenitors to do.—John Burroughs, in Independent.

Japan's Few Paupers.

The Japanese are never able to understand how it is that, though their population is about the same as ours, they have only 21,000 paupers, while we have about 1,000,000. The difference is due to the Japanese attitude toward old age and parenthood. Most of their paupers are children or elderly people whom earthquakes have deprived of their breadwinners. Old age is all but sacred in Japan.—London Chronicle.



TREATMENT OF HEDGES.

When the hedge plants begin to die out the cause may sometimes be traced to lack of plant food. There is considerable wood removed from hedge plants every year when the hedges are trimmed, and this annual loss cannot be sustained by the plants unless they are assisted. Apply wood ashes freely every fall and early spring.

PRUNING.

Few of the old orchards have been properly pruned. The chief trouble has been that the pruning has been spasmodic. The farm orchard is usually pruned but once in several years and then so severely that the trees for a year or two are thrown out of balance, a condition manifested by a great growth of water-sprouts. The proper way to prune is to begin when trees are young and prune only enough to train and head the tree to the desired form. And then as the trees come into full bearing, little pruning is needed, if done yearly, aside from heading in long growths, training the branches, and removing crossed, crooked and weak branches. Late winter, February and March, is the best time to prune. The wounds should be made as near as possible to the tree trunk and parallel with it and not beyond the bulge and at right angles with the branch, as is so commonly done. An old and a good rule is, "prune strong-growing trees lightly and weak-growing ones severely."—Detroit Free Press.

GIANT GLACIER LETTUCE.

There is considerable profit in growing lettuce for market when one can produce heads of large size which are solid and if located near a large town or city. If the location is near a small town it will hardly pay to give much more space to lettuce than is required to produce that needed for the home table. The Giant Glacier, illustrated



GLACIER LETTUCE.

this week, is one of the most promising of the newer sorts which has been fairly treated.

On the grounds of the writer it did not produce the results claimed for it by the introducers, yet had sufficient merit to warrant further and more extended trials. The heads are large and solid, crisp and tender, while the plant stands the heat of summer well, thus greatly extending the season. One of the peculiarities of the variety is the tufted leaves and these, with the large and solid head, makes the variety exceedingly attractive to offer on the market.

HUMUS IN THE ORCHARD.

It is an important point in farming to preserve the humus in the soil where there is no humus. Humus has a value distinctive from that of the fertility it contains. It holds moisture in the soil and also holds some forms of fertility. To increase it in the orchard a good way is to grow legumes of some sort and plow them under at stated seasons. Not only does the cultivator thus increase the humus in the soil, but the nitrogen is increased as it has been caught from the air by these plants. Some follow the practice of not plowing or spading under the green crop, but of mowing and leaving it on the ground. But to our minds this is a very inferior way of getting the good of decaying humus. The air must in that case rob the crop mown of a part of its fertility, especially the volatile portions. Moreover, the roots in the ground cannot get hold of this decaying vegetation, and we see little chance of their benefiting by it. We believe that by all means the crop should be turned under in some way. The soil will then grow more perfect in mechanical structure from year to year and the roots will always be able to get into touch with the humus and the fertility and the moisture in it.

Peru has but four people to every square mile of territory, and the population is not increasing.

THE COSSACK SINGS AS HE RIDES.

Pictureque Entry of the Russian Cavalry Into Newchwang Described.

Pussian troops from the interior continue to arrive here writes the Newchwang correspondent of Collier's Weekly, as they have done ever since hostilities began. For the last two or three days we have heard the incessant tramp of infantry and the clatter of cavalry as they pass along from the railroad station. Now comes a troop of Cossack cavalry mounted on Manchurian ponies, bearing heavy sheepskin overcoats and caps, with their rifles slung over their shoulders and their heavy cavalry swords hung to their sides, singing as they go. One of the troop who has a good voice sings the verses of the song alone and the whole troop sings the chorus. With the tramp of the horses and the clattering of accoutrements, the sight is very impressive to any one who has never seen a troop of Cossack cavalry sweeping by. After the cavalry come the infantry in heavy marching order, dressed in sheepskin coats and caps, thumping along in their heavy boots, with bayonets fixed, their stolid, grimy faces, probably not washed for weeks, peering out between their caps and overcoats.

The Hung Hoodzars or "Red Beards" which is an organization of Manchurians consisting principally of bandits, are forming bands which will no doubt give the Russians no end of trouble. They know the country so well that the Russians will have no chance of capturing them. They will do everything they can to cut the telegraph communication with St. Petersburg, and disable the railway line and bridges. This would seriously delay reinforcements and make it almost impossible for the Russians to supply their army, especially in the summer rainy season, when the roads are absolutely impassable, and carts slip up to the hubs of their wheels in the soft mud.

WISE WORDS.

Baggage and burdens come near to being synonymous.

What we see there will depend on what we seek here.

Give the reins to appetite and you give wings to happiness.

No theological faucet is of any value without the eternal fountain.

His love for the lost has kept the world from the loss of all love.

Wounds from wandering are not to be classed with those won in fighting.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be.—Victor Hugo.

If we ask only things of a low trifling nature, unworthy such a giver, He may answer as a prince did, "These are not royal gifts."—Robert Leighton.

The habit of blaming others when things go wrong is an insidious and dangerous one. Far more is it the purpose to inquire within whether the fault or much of it may not lie at home.

What a Life Did.

The madness of suicide as a relief from mental anguish was vividly illustrated years ago by an incident which occurred in an Italian town. Moretti, a tailor, was sent to prison on a charge of fraud. His sweetheart called upon the police officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined, and was told that it would be probably for many years. The policeman had been instigated to say this by the girl's mother, who disliked the match. Overwhelmed with grief and thereby driven to despair, the poor girl put an end to her life by poison. A few days later Moretti was released from custody, the accusation against him having been proven false. He returned home to find his affianced bride a corpse. Frenzied at the sight, he, too, destroyed himself. The lie wrought a double tragedy.

Butted In at the Wedding.

Land office regulations unfeelingly "butted in" on the plans of Cupid the other day at Waurika and stopped a wedding. Samuel Mosler, a homesteader of that vicinity, has arranged to wed Mrs. Mitchell, a buxom widow, who had but recently made her first proof before the local court commissioners. Just before the ceremony was performed word came that a witness' failure to properly sign his name had caused rejection of the papers by the Interior Department. The wedding was postponed, the groom to be apparently being more willing to temporarily relinquish a bride than to permanently relinquish a farm.—Mangum (Texas) Sun-Mirror.

Old English Customs.

Sir Walter Besant's study of old English customs shows that the doctors of several centuries ago prescribed for fevers "a cold water affusion" with drinking of asses' milk. When the queen was ill in 1663 they shaved her head and applied pigeons to her feet. Powdered mummy for a long time was considered to be a specific against diseases. It is said that the reason it went out of use was that dealers took to embalming bodies and then sold them for genuine ancient mummies.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

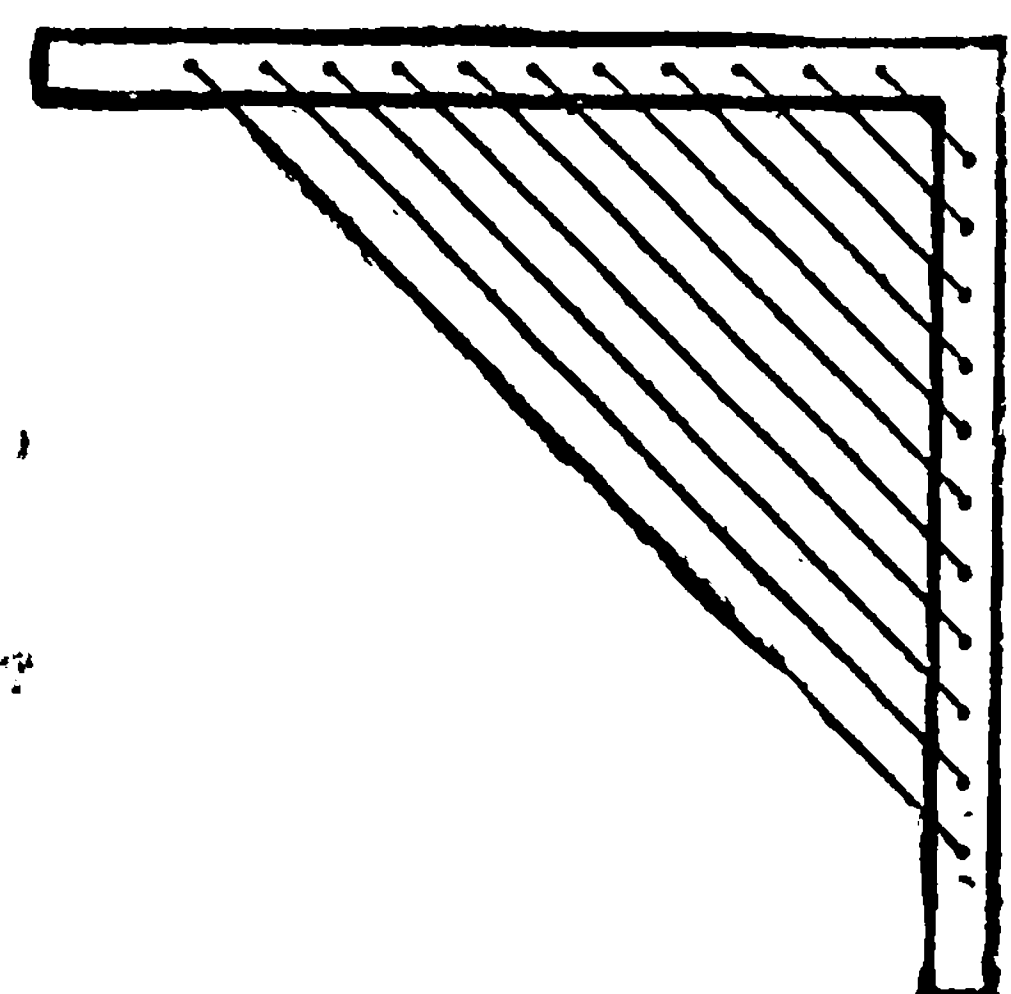


THE FOREST AND THE WOODMAN.

Two woodmen were working when one of them broke the handle of his ax and was unable to find a shaft suitable for a new handle. The woodman prayed to the forest for the branch he sought and promised to go to another land and spare the gracious fir and oak, and fell them no more. His prayer was granted; the woodman forgot his vow and the forest soon found her gift brought death to her. Find the other woodman.—From Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

plete, all but the strings. For the strings get some long rubber bands, or, better still, three violin strings. Stretch these very tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks, beginning at the two tacks at the little end of the angle. When you have fastened each string to the tacks so that it stretches tightly across the angle formed by the two sticks your work is finished and you have a harp which will look like the illustration.

To hear it play you have only to fasten it outside of your window so that the wind will blow across the strings.



THE WIND HARP COMPLETE.

As the wind strikes them they will hum as if struck by the fingers of a musician, and the notes will rise or

New Oxford Item
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.
Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.—Liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.
Don't print of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904.

Hicks Says July will be a Scorchers.

The Rev. Mr. R. Hicks promises all kinds and conditions of weather for July. From the fourth to the sixth days of the month he looks for a torrid spell with thunder and lightning accompaniments, and between the eleventh and fourteenth days a second hot period, with local cloudburst and heavy hail storms is predicted. July 17 to 19, 21 to 24 and 27, 28 are other dates on which excessively warm weather and atmospheric disturbances may be looked for. This is the text of Mr. Hicks' predictions in Word and Works:

This month begins in the last stage of a storm period central on June the 29th. Storms and perturbations of this period will be well on their way toward the Atlantic by the 1st and 2nd, with fair and cooler weather following from the west.

A reactionary storm period in central from the 4th to the 6th. As the moon is on the celestial equator on the 4th, we may reasonably calculate on a decided rise in temperature, ending in thunder and rain storms during these reactionary days.

About the 11th to 14th, the central dates of the second July storm period, no one should be surprised by a wave of excessive warm weather, culminating in many threatening storms and violent dangerous blustering. Some most likely attend these disturbances, and there, but we do not believe that sufficient rains will occur at this time, over wide extremes of the grain-producing regions. Heavy hail storms, especially to the west and north, will cross the country on and touching in which event temporary change to much cooler may naturally be expected. The 12th, 13th and 14th are the days on which the culminating crisis of this period is to be looked for. Change to higher barometer, westerly winds and cooler would be the normal order progressively behind or west of the centers of storm areas.

On and touching the 17th, 18th and 19th the temperature will greatly increase, moving like a wave from west to east. Barometric steadiness and final fall to low readings will accompany the warmth, and many threatening storm clouds with thunder and bluster will take up their march eastwardly across the country. Heavy local concentrations of rain and hail will touch scattered localities, but we fear that there will be serious lack of general, diffused rains.

A regular Vulcan storm period covers the 21st to the 24th, having its center on the 22nd. The most casual observers and readers of weather reports will see that a wave of increased warmth, attended by falling barometer and other storm conditions, will organize in the west and pass eastward, local cloudbursts are probable.

On and touching the 27th and 28th reactionary storm conditions will return with more than ordinary intensity. At this time the earth will be nearing the opposition of Saturn—that is, passing between the sun and the great planet, Saturn. The moon will also be in opposition with earth and sun, or at its full, and the Mars period will be exactly central. Great warmth will, in every probability, reach a climax on and next to these dates.

Heroic Rescue.

While in bathing, ten-year-old Barney Bailey was rescued from drowning in an iron mine pool, near Dallastown, York county, Tuesday, by Clarence Conway, 12 years of age, who displayed great courage in saving him.

Young Bailey had ventured to the middle of the pool and his strength gave out. He had gone down for the third time when Conway reached him, and by diving brought him to the surface and to shore.

Conway was exhausted by his efforts, and Bailey was resuscitated with difficulty.

A Teacher's Record.

John M. Wolf, of Hanover, is booked again as a teacher for Penn township, York county. This makes his 57th term in succession and during that time he missed only 34 days. He is aged 72 years.

Mr. Wolf started to teach in Adams county and is one of the few teachers now living who attended the first real teachers' institute in Adams county sixty years ago.

Fine assortment Ladies' Neckwear, Shirt Waist Sets, Belts, Laces and Embroidery.
THE WENTZ CO.,
23 Baltimore Street, Hanover.

Attempted Abduction.

From Tuesday's York Dispatch.

George Morningstar, of Philadelphia, is apparently, determined to recover possession of his children, Bertha, aged 14, who lives with her aunt, Mrs. A. Givens, at 209 Chestnut street, and Edgar, aged 11, who resides with his maternal grandparents, near New Oxford. Mrs. Lulu Morningstar, of Pittsburg, is determined that her children shall remain in her possession, as they have been for the past two years.

Mrs. Givens told The Dispatch this afternoon that George Morningstar deserted his wife, who is her sister, over two years ago, and that since that time she had taken care of her niece Bertha, while the boy, Edgar, had been sent to live with his mother's parents near New Oxford. Morningstar never contributed a cent to his children's support, nor did his wife ever hear from him, she said.

A short time ago, says Mrs. Givens, a woman named Smith came to board with her, and seemed anxious to get the child, Bertha, to go out with her. Subsequently Mrs. Givens learned that this woman professed to be Morningstar's second wife, and was trying to abduct the girl in the latter's interest.

Mrs. Givens also claims that Morningstar's sister had recently hung about her home, and endeavored to secure possession of the child. Finally after many attempts Morningstar did manage to see his daughter alone, and promised her a silk dress and a gold watch if she would go away with him, but the girl declined, at least for the time being.

Today at Morningstar's instance Detective Stoner served notice on Mrs. Givens to surrender the girl to him; but the aunt positively refused to surrender Bertha, and will await the action of the court. Meanwhile it is said Morningstar went to New Oxford to secure possession of his boy.

Mrs. Givens says her sister always supported her children, and sends them money from Pittsburg, to which place she went only recently, and because of her having secured lucrative employment there. As soon as Detective Stoner presented the demand for the girl a telegram was sent to Mrs. Morningstar who expected to arrive from Pittsburg at once. Mrs. Givens says she will be frantic when she learns of the attempt to deprive her of her children.

Wednesday's Dispatch says: George Morningstar has, apparently abandoned his intention of securing possession of his daughter, Bertha, and he and his son Edgar, whom he found at New Oxford yesterday, left for Philadelphia last evening. The boy went with his father willingly, and seemed to be pleased with the prospect of a new home.

[Mrs. Lulu Morningstar and Mrs. Alice Givens are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. David Shultz, of near Brush Run, Mt. Pleasant township, where the son Edgar made his home, and from where Morningstar removed him.]

Rare Treasures These.

Mrs. Henry Sillik, of Cashtown, has some interesting and valuable relics, in an excellent state of preservation, brought over from Germany by her grandfather more than 100 years ago. Among them is a so-called "fat lamp," a small hand-made lamp of iron, a primitive affair but at present of considerable value. Among her other prized treasures are a piano built in England more than a century ago but as bright as if new, and a drinking mug which was used at the time of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Old letters, bundles of them from Europe, with rare stamps attached, such as would make a philatelist turn green with envy, are also to be seen at the home of Mrs. Sillik.

Good style and quality Figured Lawns at 9c; the 12c kind. THE WENTZ CO., 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Partial List of Claims Paid by Rep. Benefit Association.

The Republic Benefit Association of the U. S., one of the oldest and strongest Sick, Accident and Death Benefit Associations in the U. S. We accept Male and Female members from 16 to 55 years old. Dues collected monthly; benefits paid weekly. Accident benefits from \$3 to \$10 per week; sick benefits \$2 to \$10 per week; death benefits \$50 to \$250. Accident benefits in immediate effect; sick and funeral benefits in effect after 90 days.

BENEFITS PAID IN HANOVER.
William Andrews.....\$ 8 00
J. P. Eline..... 6 00
John G. Esaly..... 7 00
Gustus Alwood..... 4 00
John Habenstein..... 10 00
Wesley Mummert..... 12 50
Ruben Williams..... 5 00
Luther Hiltnerick..... 10 00
David Money..... 14 00
Gustus Alwood..... 30 00
BITTINGER, PA.
Solomon Wolf.....\$14 00
SPRING FORGE, PA.
Ephraim Bowersox.....\$32 00
Henry Hoke..... 24 00

V. L. Emler,
Dist. Agt. YORK AND ADAMS COS.,
21 Market Street, York, Pa.

Thomas C. Johnson of the Hanover fair grounds, was at Cincinnati the past week for the purpose of bringing back 'Twinkle,' who has a mark of 2:05, the fastest horse ever owned in this section. The mare will be in H. N. Gitt's stable and will be an acquisition of which Mr. Gitt may feel proud.

Randolph Wehler Successful.

After a great deal of effort and correspondence, Randolph Wehler, the popular druggist, has succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

This medicine is a recent discovery for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels. It not only gives quick relief, but it makes permanent cures.

Dr. Howard's specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles that Randolph Wehler is willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

The old-fashioned idea of dosing with mineral waters, cathartic pills or harsh purgatives will soon be a thing of the past. The best physicians are prescribing Dr. Howard's specific because it really gives the desired results and on account of the small and pleasant dose that is needed.

Headaches, coated tongue, dizziness, gas on stomach, specks before the eyes, constipation, and all forms of liver and stomach trouble are soon cured by this scientific medicine.

So great is the demand for this specific that Randolph Wehler has been able to secure only a limited supply, and every one who is troubled with dyspepsia, constipation or liver trouble should call upon him at once, or send 25 cents, and get sixty doses of the best medicine ever made, on this special half price offer, with the personal guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,

Physician and Surgeon.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day within a radius of three miles.

DR. S. G. COONS,

Physician and Surgeon,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON PITT STREET, NEAR W. M. DEPOT.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF ADAMS AND FULTON COUNTIES:

The position of President Judge of this Judicial District is one that should be sought after honorably and fairly and if acquired should be filled impartially and justly. After repeated requests from my friends to be a candidate for this office I have decided to announce myself as such, subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention of Adams County, and the Democratic Conference of this District. If nominated by the Adams County Convention I will use every honorable means to secure the District nomination and if successful in obtaining this, will exert every effort fairly and honorably to secure my election.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. S. DUNCAN.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF ADAMS AND FULTON COUNTIES:

My Fellow Democrats:—

Since very many of my friends have kindly asked me to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President Judge of this District, it is due to you and to them that I make known my position in the matter.

It seems to me that a Judgeship should not be unduly sought; nor, unless for good reasons, be declined, if offered. No higher honor could come to me than to be called by the votes of my fellow citizens to preside as President Judge over the Courts of this Judicial District.

If I am nominated, I will gladly accept the nomination, and I will use every legal and honorable means to secure my election.

It will be a pleasure for me to meet you and to hear from you; and I trust you will confer with your delegates so that your wishes in the matter may be known, and your nominee when named may be satisfactory to the majority of the voters. If I am nominated and elected, I will discharge the duties of my office with fidelity.

Very truly yours,
WM. McSHERRY.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF ADAMS AND FULTON COUNTIES:

I hereby announce my candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the office of President Judge of the 51st Judicial District, composed of the Counties of Adams and Fulton. Subject to the decision of the Adams County Convention and the District Conference.

(Geo. J. BENNER.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
JOHN U. RUFF.

OF NEW OXFORD BOROUGH.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE
GEORGE F. SLAGLE,

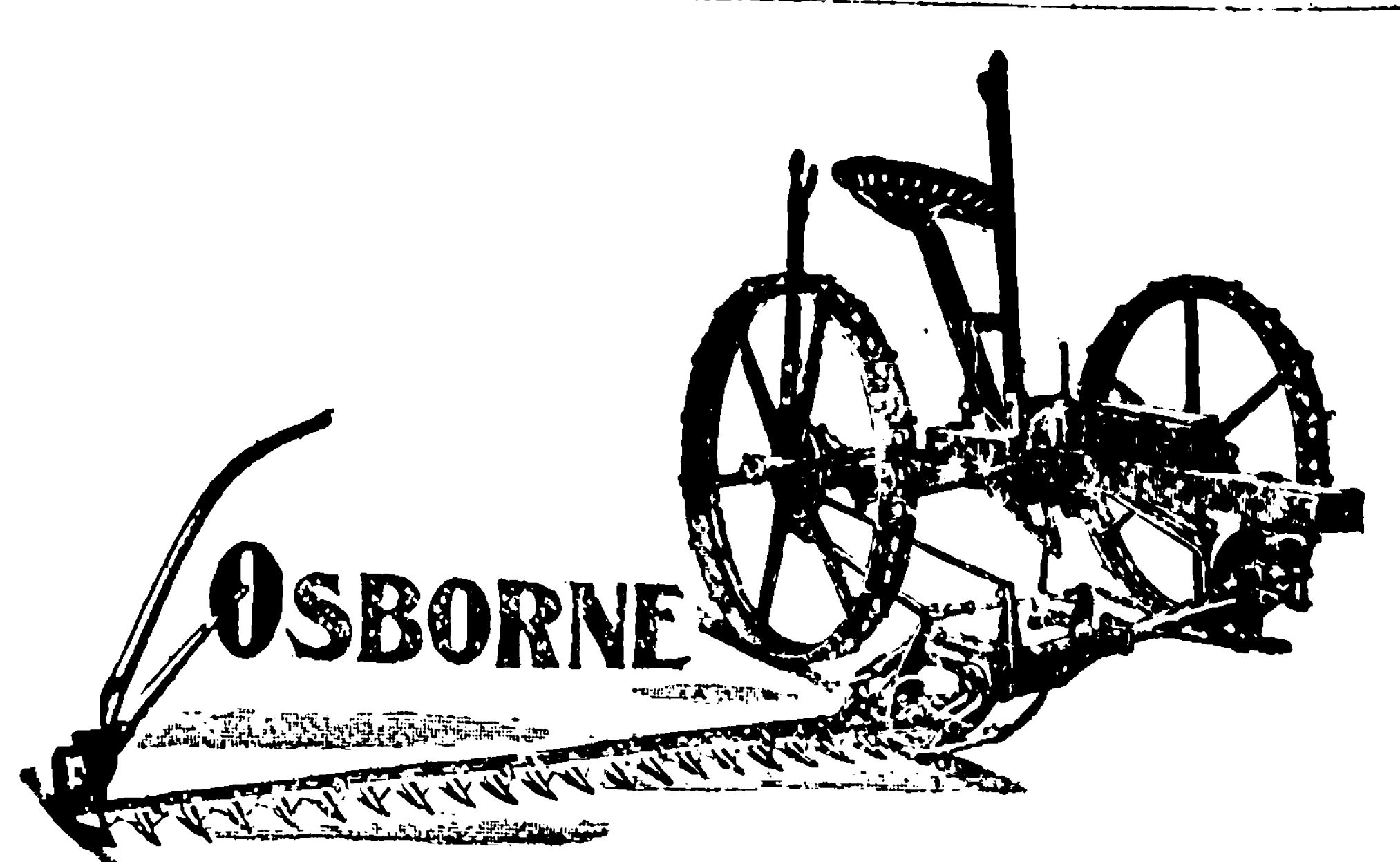
OF OXFORD TOWNSHIP.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
REILLY S. HARNISH,

OF GETTYSBURG BOROUGH.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.



Not In The Trust.
If You Buy An OSBORNE
Binder, Mower, Tedder, or Hay Rake from
J. B. WEAVER
You Will Get A 1904 Machine.

Last fall the Harvester Combine discharged 7500 men because they had a surplus of machines manufactured ahead. This surplus stock was shipped to their different warehouses—The Harrisburg storage houses be packed to the roof with this Surplus Stock, which they are trying to unload on the farmers for new or 1904 machines. When the farms help them unload their old stock, then the Trust will come out with a new INTERNATIONAL Machine.

The OSBORNE is Not In The Trust
and if you buy a Machine of "JO" WEAVER, you will get the latest 1904 Machine. See his samples.
WE ARE NOT UNLOADING OLD CARRIED-OVER STOCK ON YOU.

NEW OXFORD
Bargain Grocery Store.

Horse and Cattle Powders..

Well, the time is again here to feed stock a good powder. We have at all times Baum's, Pratts, Barkers, Hess and Schmidts Powders. Shellbarks.

Received to day, Mar. 11, 300 bushels of Shell barks to sell at \$1.50 per bushel and will pay 20 cents per lb. for the kernels.
Don't forget that prices are as they always have been, As Low as the Lowest when Quality is Considered.
Highest Cash Prices Paid at all times for Eggs, in trade or Cash.

E. E. FREED,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Closing Out.

Special Notice!

Desiring to retire from the Shoe Business, I desire to inform the public that I will sell my entire stock at and below Cost. Must be sold. Come and reap the result and the money is yours.

H. K. Schnell.
HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD.

...Dentistry...

If you have trouble of any kind with your teeth, don't hesitate, but go at once to

Hanover Dental Rooms

where you may have free advice regarding your special case. If your teeth ache have them filled or crowned. If your plate does not fit ask our advice. If you have teeth to be extracted take our

VITIALIZED AIR
and you will suffer no pain. We use modern methods and feel satisfied we can please you.

DR. C. P. WOLCOTT,
Shirk Building, Hanover, Pa.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE
New Oxford Borough School District
for year ending June 3rd, 1904.

RECEIPTS—
Balance from last year.....\$ 67 52
State appropriation, regular..... 559 61
State appropriation, special..... 27 85
Taxes for year 1903..... 856 87
Taxes for year 1902..... 1 88
From all other sources, tuitions, ect.,..... 39 01
\$1 552 72.

EXPENDITURES—
Teachers' salaries.....\$1 000 00
Teachers attending institute..... 27 50
School Text Books..... 47 96
Supplies other than text books..... 33 32
Repairing and cleaning..... 11 60
Fire insurance..... 15 50
Auditors' fees and affidavits..... 3 75
Printer for advertising..... 5 00
Janitors' salary..... 60 00
Secretary's salary, postage, ect..... 25 50
Treasurer's fees..... 27 50
Fuel, water and contingencies..... 135 22
\$1 392 65.

RECAPITULATION.
Received from all sources.....\$1 552 74
Paid out for all purposes..... 1 392 65
Balance in treasury.....\$ 160 09

JNO. N. HERSH, Treasurer.
We, the undersigned Auditors of the Borough of New Oxford have examined the above account of John N. Hersh, Treasurer of the New Oxford School Board, and find it correct as stated.
Witness our hands and seals this 27th day of May, 1904.

S. F. Keeney, } Auditors.
A. G. LAC,
J. W. SMITH.

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF EDWARD EMLET, DECEASED.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Edward Emlet, late of Tyrone township, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
HENRY E. EMLET,
Administrator.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF NOAH J. BIEVENOUR.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Noah J. Bievenour, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MARY A. BIEVENOUR,
Executrix.

I Have Money to Loan

on Real Estate,
no matter where located at 4% per cent. and 5 per cent. interest. If you desire a loan, and have real estate to warrant it, write to me all about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. ARMINGTON PEAVEY,
Mortgage Broker,
6 106th 1600 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOBBIN'S DESPAIR.

I have no differential clutch
And no pneumatic tire;
I guess I don't amount to much,
For none come to admire
My form or speed—I have no cam;
And, to my deep remorse,
I must confess I only am
A one horsepower horse!

They used to stroke my sorrel side
And tell how I could go.
To-day they speak in tones of pride
Of some bright red tonneau.
But, though my sorrow is so great
And anger is so keen,
I'm glad to have a chance to state
I don't eat gasoline.

I don't know how to carburet,
Nor how to radiate.
When I wish to get up and get
I simply struck my gait.
'Tis true, in casting out the beam
For fairness I should try—
But I lecture, gasoline or steam,
The "mote" is in my eye!

I have no wondrous steering gear,
But still they rush to see
A thing that has, I'm pained hear,
A horseless pedigree.
They used to pet me all the time,
But now they only shrug
Their shoulders, and pass by, for I'm
A poor old sparkless plug!

—Chicago Tribune.

Gloria's Love Affair.

By Paul Carson.

SIX months before Gloria Spencer left school, a new music teacher was employed in the seminary, and she was one of his pupils. He was a handsome, blue-eyed blonde, with a musical voice and perfect manners. He was also that strange creature—a male flirt. He spent the six months in winning Gloria's heart, never saying a word or committing an act that would compromise himself.

How she loved him!
"First love?" you ask.
Yes, is there anything like it? It is well that it comes but once.

He called one night to say "Good-by."

Gloria thought he was coming back. He said—

"I suppose you know that I am to be married next month?"

It was a cruel blow. Better men than he have committed murder.

An older woman would have concealed an almost mortal wound, but she grew so white that he sprang toward her.

"Don't touch me," she gasped, struggling with her agony, and then womanly pride triumphed, and into her eyes leapt a flame that literally scorched him.

"I fear you have misunderstood me," he said gently.

"Were you engaged when you came here?"

"Of course."

"Why did you make me care for you?"

Forced to answer at the bar of betrayed trust, for the murder of love, he stammered—

"Why, really; I—I—you know I did not try to do that exactly. I wish you would not look at it that way. We have been good friends and—"

"Mr. Harlow," Gloria interrupted, "will you kindly go away?" opening the door to facilitate his departure.

"I hope we may still be friends," he ventured as he passed out.

"And I hope," she retorted, "that I shall never look on your face again, or that of anyone like you, in this world or the next."

Afterward she read of his marriage, but small as the earth is, she never saw him again.

As a result of this experience, Miss Spencer grew a trifle cynical, but pride kept any one from knowing that since she had passed over her heart.

At seventeen she learned that men do not always mean what they say. For ten years this fact formed a centre place in her mind around which to group all ideas regarding the sex. At the twenty-seventh, having traveled, studied, and thought, she was a cultivated, well-informed woman, equal in intellect to most men. Every one said "Gloria Spencer will be an old maid."

One day cards were issued for her marriage; the groom-elect was a well-to-do merchant, slightly past thirty. People talked, speculated and filled the church, when the wedding, a white satin affair, occurred.

Sidney Clarke was worthy of any woman's affection and he took his fate in his own hands when he said—

"Gloria, will you be my wife?"

She thought, "what difference does it make?" and replied—

"I do not love you, Mr. Clarke. It is not possible for me to care for any man. I loved once, and," with a cold smile, "history does not repeat itself in a woman's heart. Still, if you wish, I will become your wife."

At the end of three years Mrs. Clarke was thirty. She and her husband had never quarreled, and they were good friends, but she never thought of loving him. She respected him, liked him even, and Sidney seemed perfectly satisfied with this state of af-

fairs. Out of his content, at length, grew Gloria's discontent. She began to wonder why he did not love her, arguing that he did not, on the ground that were it otherwise he could not be happy without his wife's affection.

"It does not follow that it is because I do not love him," she said, "for men have adored women who were indifferent to them. I wonder if he ever loved."

One day she asked him, "Sidney, did you ever care for a woman?"

"Yes," laughingly, "my mother."

"Not that, did you ever have a—first love?"

"Yes," gravely now, "I have had a first love."

"She jilted you, I suppose?"

"No."

"Then," her voice full of sympathy, "she is dead."

"No, she is not dead."

The conversation was interrupted then and was not resumed; but Mrs. Clarke wondered now why her husband married her, and before she was well aware of it, with all the dormant passion of her nature waking into life, she was jealous of his first love.

After awhile she began trying to win his affection. The restraint that Sidney put upon himself in those days was wonderful. His wife was so sweet and gentle, so tender and womanly, so altogether lovable, that having loved her always, the temptation to tell her so was almost irresistible. But it was the desire of his life to win her heart, and understanding her nature perfectly, he feared to speak too soon, and so waited with steaming patience until the longed for treasure should be his. At last, Gloria knew what caused the jealousy that possessed her, the eagerness to win her husband's regard, the thrill that shook every nerve at the touch of his hand.

She loved him, with the love of a woman who had lived, and suffered, and learned wisdom; the passion of her girlhood was the fragrance of the rose, this was the rose itself. It blooms once only, but the flower is immortal; the crisis in the lives of these two came unexpectedly after all. They were riding home from the theatre. The play was one in which the husband having married to please his father, eventually falls in love with his wife. They were speaking of it, Gloria said—

"Do you think people ever do fall in love after marriage?"

Sidney replied promptly: "I know it."

"From experience?"

"No. I could not have such an experience."

Some light they passed just then flashed full on his wife's face. He saw that she had grown very pale, but she asked:

"Why?"

He could bear it no longer, and taking her in his arms, he said:

"Because, my darling, I always loved you. I could not learn it after marriage, for I worshiped you long before. Oh, love, tell me it is not in vain," and the wife of four years blushed in the darkness like a girl as she put her arms around her husband's neck and whispered:

"I have loved you ever so long, dear."

Some time afterwards Mrs. Clarke said:

"Tell me about that girl you loved long ago, Sidney."

"What girl?" in surprise.

"Have you forgotten, you told me you had a first love; I have wondered why you did not marry her."

"I did."

"Sidney?"

"Gloria!"

"You don't mean that—that—" and then she stopped, something choked her a little.

Sidney dropped his paper, got up and went over to her. He took her face between his hands, and looked down into the big gray eyes that were shining through tears.

"My dear wife," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved."—Chaparrone Magazine.

A Jap's Different Names.

Every European child can answer the question, "What is your name?" without hesitation unless he is dumb, but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he is called by different names. He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple, while prayers are addressed to the family deity. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called till he is three years old. At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed again on the occasion of his marriage and on any advance in his position.

Significant Chance.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time-honored inscription, "Hospes, salve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After rebuilding, the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" ("Pay, stranger!")



WOMAN'S DEBT TO THE BICYCLE.

Modern woman now has the authority of Molly, Countess Russell, for the fact that the bicycle has been her emancipator.

Her ladyship made this pronouncement in a lecture to the Vegetarian Cycling Club. The cult of the wheel had, she affirmed, done more for women than anything else she knew, by allowing her to be free and to go out unattended. In this spirit of independence woman no longer, as she did so recently as 1848, looked upon the male arm as a necessary piece of furniture; she could use a walking stick.—London Chronicle.

HEIRESS AN EVANGELIST.

Rejecting wealth and its attendant luxuries to enter her chosen field of evangelistic work, Miss Mary R. Robinson, daughter of a millionaire Pittsburgh railroad magnate, has gone to Chicago to speak of salvation from the pulpit of Bethlehem Chapel. Miss Robinson, who is worth \$500,000 in her own right, was director of a Pittsburgh church chorus at a large salary. The Bostonians made her an offer of \$10,000 a year to join their opera company, but she refused. Soon afterward she left home to enter evangelistic work. Her uncle, John G. Robinson, Secretary of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railway, and friends tried in vain to dissuade her.—Scranton (Pa.) Truth.

JAPANESE MAIDS.

It is high time we took thought of the Japanese woman, as a possibility of rule in the Orient—in the same sense in which the American woman is the potential ruler of the Occident—and as an influence upon universal civilization. Such men as Lafcadio Hearn and Edwin Arnold have long held up the Japanese woman to the world's imagination, and, except our own, there is none more picturesquely and more prominently in universal attention. Here is a piquant and colorful attractiveness which has made itself felt upon mankind, and the mention of her carries with it an atmosphere and suggestion of the tender, the beautiful, the lovable, essentially the "artistic." Yet, except for what Arnold and Hearn and our romances and operas and tea-cups and Japanese fans have told us, we know not much about her; know her superficially at best.

Despite the wide adaptiveness of Japan and the extensive adoption of European ideas which have characterized its progress during the last generation, the position of its women have changed little. The men of the little island kingdom have at least shown themselves conservative in their attitude toward her. A proposal to "emancipate" her is as yet viewed—or would be; nobody has forcibly urged it—as not only unnecessary, but in the nature of things absurd. The difference between her life as girl, wife and mother and that of the American girl is so great as to be almost incomprehensible to us. To regard her seriously has not occurred to the Japanese, though by no means she denied affection, a disposition suggesting reverence, a care involving respect. To all purpose, by custom, by tradition, she is the charming, irresponsible and, as a recent writer puts it, "automatic" doll.—St. Louis Republic.

NEXT FALL'S VELVETS.

While a large business was done in velvets for the season just terminated, manufacturers have been making preparations for next season, with a view to a diversity of articles which, by enlarging the scope of consumption, would render the position of the trade more secure. The first orders secured from leading English and Parisian houses are regarded as encouraging and have served to increase the attention paid by makers to new styles.

Velours chiffon and velours gauffré are likely to be in the lead and to maintain the position they occupied last season. This will be facilitated by the many changes and improvements which have gradually taken place in their manufacture. Gauffrés will be to a large extent shown in small and medium sized designs and chiefly on plain velvet grounds. The globular and block effects of last season are not likely to be in renewed favor. One of the leading novelties is a combination of the chiffon and gauffré effects, which have individually been so successful during the season just past.

Plain velours chiffon is again being shown in eighteen, twenty, twenty-two and forty-four inches. As might be expected, it has been also produced in lower grades mixed with cotton, these qualities having been taken up by wholesale buyers in place of all-silk makes. Cheap grades in narrow striped and small checked effects are no longer receiving attention, but both

these styles are being produced in good qualities. Velours crystal in light colors with wide stripes is a novelty of the latter kind.

Large dots are embossed upon good qualities of velvet, with very fine stripes. For waistings, velours rayé with jaspe effects are likely to be popular.

In the collections of plaid velvets quiet designs with small embossed effects are preferred, some Paris houses having been making up models of this material.

In jacquered effects on high pile grades interwoven large and small globes are being shown. Other varieties of jacquard styles are composed of wide satin stripes with small effects.

Daily additions are being made to the collections, which seem likely to illustrate in the highest degree the progress recently made in the velvet industry.—Tollettes.



About one-tenth of the buyers in New York wholesale stores are women.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral in the Russian Navy.

It is said that an American dressmaker will do three times as much work in a day as a dressmaker in France.

Miss Mary E. Jenkins has just been elected President of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald Publishing Company. She is a thorough business woman and well acquainted with all the details of the newspaper business.

Mrs. H. A. Jaffray, who believes that cradles are out of fashion and that the rocking of infants addles their brains, was recently chosen President of the Woodlawn (Ill.) Woman's Club and is now serving her second term in that position.

Miss F. Y. Cory, who made the sixty wonderfully amusing illustrations for Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby," was married recently to Frederick W. Cooney, a ranchman in Montana, where Miss Cory has been spending several years in outdoor life.

The Wisconsin Society of Mayflower Descendants has re-elected Mrs. James Sidney Peck, of Milwaukee, to the office of its Governor, and she is said to be the only woman holding the office of Governor of a State Mayflower Descendants' society in this country.

Few women have explored with such distinguished success the devious byways of Greek archeology and mythology as Miss Jane Harrison, whose "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion" is accepted by experts as a valuable contribution to a very difficult subject.

"Nine-tenths of the women of the country are home women," said Mrs. McCulloch recently, "and have no property rights whatever. The woman who has property rights is protected by laws, but the home woman is at the mercy of her husband's generosity. The husband can dictate just how much she shall spend."



The red hat is popular with milady. Wide sashes of soft silk trim many of the smart summer gowns.

Much cream lace is used to tone down gowns of otherwise too vivid coloring.

Colored linings for transparent gowns are slowly but surely returning to fashion.

Medallions of English embroidery are the height of vogue for decorating "tub" gowns.

Loose coats of black lace, unlined, or lined with thin black liberty silk, are the style for elderly women.

Ruches of chiffon almost universally appear on the edges of lace or embroidery when the latter are used in band effect.

Berthas and deep collars, fichus and surplice effects are the universal bodice design for swaggar gowns of light weight stuffs.

A floating lace veil attached to the hat, but seldom worn over the face because it is unbecoming, is a recent fashion revival.

Bayadere tucks, sometimes of uniform width, sometimes growing narrower toward the waist, constitutes one of the season's most favored skirt trimmings.

The Funny Side of Life.

THEN AND NOW.

In days long ago (in the sixties you know) when grand ma went walking she held her skirts so.
What would she say if she saw girls today with skirts clutched so tightly they all look this way?
—Inland Printer.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

Bunting—"Radium is said to be worth \$250,000 for one-fiftieth of an ounce."

Larkin—"Well, that won't be popular for Christmas presents."

NO GREAT LOSS.

"Your husband lost his temper in a little dispute we had," said Gazzam to Mrs. Bickers.

"That doesn't matter," replied Mrs. Bickers; "he has plenty left."

A HARD NAME.

"That Russian count has a name for killing his man whenever—"

"Well, if his man has to pronounce it every time he speaks to him I don't wonder."—Philadelphia Press.

EXERCISED.

Doctor—"What you need is to give your stomach continuous and vigorous exercise."

Patient—"But I have, doctor; I've been living on predigested health foods."

HIS INTENTIONS.

The Duke—"Is it true that you are going to marry an American heiress?"

The Count—"It is."

The Duke—"What's her name?"

The Count—"Don't know yet."—Chicago News.

A HOTBOX.

"What do you think now, Bobby?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hotbox."

NOT DEFINITE.

"Please print instructions for smoking sausage," wrote the constant reader to the answers-for-the-anxious editor.

"Which—the long or the fine cut?" he wrote beneath the query.—Judge.

HIS PREFERENCE.



Mrs. Kindheart—"Here's a cast-off golf suit of my husband's if you want it."

Rags N. Tatters—"Yes'm; I'd like to have it. I'd rather be taker, for a golf player than freeze."

STRANGERS.

"Kloseman says he doesn't know you at all."

"I'm not surprised at all. He never sees me, you know."

"But I thought you said you were members of the same church."

"Yes, but I invariably take up the collection."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PRACTICAL.

Ponder—"Did you ever notice that most of the fires that break out suddenly and spread quickly are due to spontaneous combustion?"

Housekeep—"No, but I've often thought what a splendid thing spontaneous combustion would be if you could only keep it on tap to light the kitchen fire with."—Philadelphia Press.

SUGGESTING AN IMPROVEMENT.

The owner of the new apartment house was exhibiting it to his brother-in-law, who was an architect.

"I had it built according to my own ideas," he said, "and it's built for keeps. An earthquake wouldn't have any effect on it."

"That's a pity," said the brother-in-law. "An earthquake might improve it."—Chicago Tribune.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mrs. Bizzey—"I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just wanted to say that we don't do that sort of thing here."

Mrs. Newcome—"I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning; Mrs. Bizzey, including an old book on 'Etiquette,' which I might have saved for you."—Philadelphia Press.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

During the heavy thunder storm of the other day, Mrs. Augustus Tawney, of Graftonsburg, received an electrical shock, caused by a bolt of lightning striking near her house. She was standing in the doorway with all the other doors of the house open, when the bolt struck, giving her a very severe shock.

While Mr. Clayton Smith of near town and his lady friend were on their way to East Berlin on the evening of the Fourth he attempted to touch up the animal. He was driving with the whip, when the animal made a sudden turn and threw Mr. Smith out of the buggy, badly cutting and bruising his left wrist and hand. A physician at East Berlin dressed the wound. The gentleman is an employe of C. C. Baugh's brick yards and will be obliged to take a lay-off for some time on account of the injury.

The annual picnic for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception will be held at the usual place, in Pfeiffer Grove, this place, on Saturday, July 30.

Eugene Topper, of Gettysburg, who was running a race with several companions slipped and fell to the ground with such force that the bones in his right arm between the wrist and the elbow were broken.

While cutting grain one day this week the team of Robert Myers, of near Pine church, Straban township, ran away with the binder, badly wrecking the machine.

New Oxford,—By Z. H. Cashman.	
Choice Wheat.....	\$ 9
No. 2	8
Rye.....	6 00
Corn.....	4 00
Oats.....	3 00
Clover seed, per lb.....	8 00
Timothy seed.....	1 00
Rye Straw.....	9 00
Timothy hay.....	8 00

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl St., New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Slips of the Pen.

The best writers are not free from slips of the pen, and some such slips are very curious, says the Liverpool Post. Wilkie Collins, in some mysterious way, makes the moon to rise in the west. Rider Haggard, in "King Solomon's Mines," contrives an eclipse of the new moon for the diversion of the natives and the entertainment of his readers. Coleridge places a star between the horns of the crescent moon rising in the east. Shakespeare makes a clock to strike in ancient Rome at a period 2,000 years before striking clocks were invented. Robinson Crusoe, on abandoning the wreck, strips off his clothing in order to swim to shore. This, however, does not prevent him from filling his pockets with biscuits. And Anthony Trollope describes Andy Scott as "coming whistling up with a cigar in his mouth."

Cost of Hauling Freight.

The cost of hauling a ton of freight a mile on Great Britain's greatest railway is 1.45 cents; on the Pennsylvania, forty cents, and on the New York Central, forty-one cents.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Teacher Interested.

"Miss Biggs is interested in you, pa." "How so?" "Why, to-day, after she had told me seven times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what sort of a father I had."

SORE FEET SORE HANDS One Night Treatment. with CUTICURA

Soak the feet or hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning, and scaling eczema, rashes, inflammation, and chafing, for redness, roughness, cracks, and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in one night.

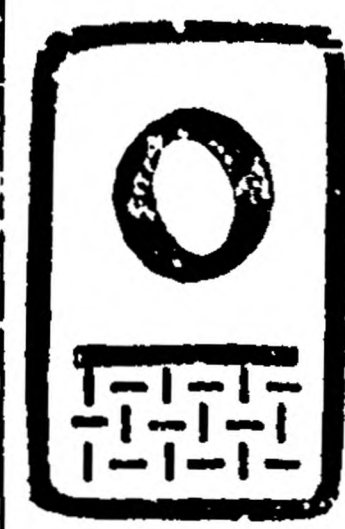
Complete Humor Cure, consisting of CUTICURA Soap, 50c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per box of 60), Ointment, 50c. per box, 25c. per tin. Sold by Druggists, 75c. per tin. Sold by Druggists, 75c. per tin. Sold by Druggists, 75c. per tin.

P. N. U. 24 1904.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

On Owning Good Books

By Harry Thurston Peck



ONE of the greatest leaders in aesthetic thought among English speaking people, Ruskin, was a strong advocate of owning good books, going so far as to say that cheap books had a pernicious effect on the reader. There is no doubt but that this is the day of cheap books, and that with the accumulation of many cheap books one loses the relative value of the master pieces of literature. The most popular form the cheap book takes is the novel, and the season of all seasons for the novel reader is the summer time. The reading of fiction is a good recreation, but a very poor occupation, as a recreation it takes one out of one's self and away from the monotony and cares of everyday life, but as an occupation it is unwholesome, giving false ideas of life and vitiating the taste for more solid reading. There is plenty of bright, sunshining, healthy fiction which is most beneficial as a relaxation for a holiday season, but care should be taken that this ephemeral diet be not continued too long.

Own a few good editions of the standard authors, and take pleasure in the possession of them. Begin a library when youth is still with you, but begin one anyhow, even if you are old, and surround yourself with such friends as good books always are. Read and re-read your Ruskin and your Carlyle; your Shakespeare and your Horace; your Tennyson and your Timrod; they will give you thoughts which will rest your mind by the seashore or in the mountains; on the lonely country highway, or in the crowded city streets. Let your books be selected as your friends are for those qualities which last and not merely for amusement, and your youth and your old age will be crowned with friendships which bless and loves which last.

Nonsense About Society

By the Editor of Collier's Weekly



NOTHING is more popular than violent denunciation of that group of persons who are usually distinguished by a capital S from other sections of universal society. This fashionable society is so safe a mark that any one who shies a brick toward it is sure to be regarded as having made a very palpable hit. We are not sure that it is to the credit of human nature that it rejoices in the most exaggerated libels of the fashionable, as it does in equal libels of the rich. Envy accounts for much in the popularity of this kind of diatribe. What is the truth about society in America, or rather in that city where all such discussion centres—in New York? It is by no means equal to the society of London, and some other foreign capitals, where the leading social organization is marked by special culture and information, as well as by sufficient leisure for social pleasures. It is not, as those foreign societies are, especially London, addicted to a process of selection, which brings a remarkable amount of training and talent into small compass. But, if one compares it not with what society ought to be, and in some places is, but with unselected humanity, the case is different. What is called society in New York averages as high and higher than people would average if taken indiscriminately from other walks of life in equal numbers. It has weaknesses enough, but nevertheless take its thousand families, or its four or five hundred, or whatever number you like, and you will get a quality of human competence and intelligence above the ordinary level. Its conspicuous absurdities are committed by a few; the men who are part of it, without being devoted to it, are as good as the average, and the women are much above the average. This is faint praise, where opportunities for better things are great, but even society should have its due.

The Charm of the Mushy Blonde

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



WHY do so many men admire the type of women which other women of more pronounced coloring describe contemptuously as the mushy blonde? Why does the girl whose complexion has the mealy whiteness of a baked potato and whose general aspect suggests that she was grown in a cellar please by her very absence of intensity? Sunlight fades her. The white light of the ballroom extinguishes her. She never has any eyebrows and her eyes have the wan coloring of a rain-washed flower.

She is very slender and her whole body droops and flaps helter and skelter like the ensign of a becalmed yacht.

And yet, nine times out of ten in the matrimonial shuffle, she wins out.

She is not a great belle, to be sure, but, then, everybody knows that a great belle seldom marries well. Her dance card is seldom more than half filled. But it usually has some very eligible names on it, and when she decides which one of them she would like to have on her visiting cards she proceeds to make it hers.

The secret of the mushy blonde's success is not difficult to fathom. She is not often beautiful, seldom intelligent and rarely if ever fascinating. But she knows how to cling. And when a specially desirable specimen of masculinity comes along, she gets him interested by the judicious exercise of the clinging faculty.

She makes capital of her lack of beauty—she is not pretty like Blanche or Mabel—what can such a great big man see in such a homely little thing?

Her very brainlessness, such is her adept use of it, becomes a weapon. She is so stupid! It is so good of him to explain so many things to her that she thought she never could understand. But he makes them so easy! Who would have thought she would ever learn to know the difference between a "bull" and a "bear," and what buying on margins means and all the other wonderful things that he has told her?—New York World.

Foresees a Yellow Peril

Present Conflict Might Lead China Against the Anglo-Saxon

By Frank G. Martin



THE student's prophetic eye the present struggle is but a prologue to the far more imposing drama of war sooner or later to ensue, whose theatre will be Eastern and Central Asia, and whose dramatic personae will embrace the armies and navies of the mightiest nations of the earth. Sooner or later the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav must grapple for ascendancy in the Far East in a sanguinary struggle between antipodal types of civilization. Sooner or later the Anglo-Saxon—for who doubts that the Anglo-Saxon brow will wear the bay of victory in the final test of strength with the Slav—must meet the problems of a possible yellow peril—a struggle of races.

The contest may be long and fierce—the issue was foreseen before hostilities began. In all probability the puny hand of Japan cannot stay the giant hand of Russia. Most certainly England, not improbably the United States—very likely these two powers in league will pronounce the ultimate "thus far and no farther" to Russia's voracious march of dominion. Japan worsted, Russia will undoubtedly cling to Manchuria—perhaps acquire Korea—and then turn again to imperil the British Empire by attempting to gain a foothold in Tibet, or the coveted outlet to the Persian Gulf. When the inevitable great struggle comes; when Slav and Anglo-Saxon stake all upon the fortunes of war in Asia—that will be no local conflict, but a universal epic of battle.

Assuming the final triumph of the Anglo-Saxon over the Slav, the victor is foreseen entering China, peopled with one-fourth the whole human family, bearing the open lamp of Occidental enlightenment, and development, as it were, into a vast powder magazine of Mongolian menace. Taught to cultivate the arts of war and peace by Western models, how long ere sleeping China awakes to a realization of her strength, turns upon and rends her would-be benefactors, and, employing in menace the weapons she will have been taught to use in beneficence, sweep over Asia, cross into and overrun Europe, and repeat the terrors of the invasion of the Tartar hordes under Ghengis Khan and Timour.

Beaten in Our Own Field.

Philippine imports of iron and steel and manufactures thereof for the calendar year 1903 show an increase of approximately 10 per cent over those of 1902. The figures are \$2,102,915 for 1903 and \$1,909,679 for 1902. Of the total for the two years the United States secured only about 23.7 per cent. More than three-quarters of the trade was captured by our English and European competitors.

Dogs in the Army.

The "dogs of war" in these days assist in field hospital work. In Germany and Italy St. Bernard dogs have been trained for years so as to aid, after an engagement, bearer parties in their search for the wounded, especially at night. Russia, apparently, has no canine corps, and Major Richardson of Carnoustie, England, who has made a specialty of training ambulance dogs, has received a communication from St. Petersburg asking him how many he can supply for service in the Far East.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It's an awful handicap for a girl to have a younger sister who is a real beauty.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package Free by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

There is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

A man knows less after marriage than a woman does before.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1903.

A machine for condensing sea fog into drinking water has been invented.

Export, the organ of the Central Commercial Geographical Union, of Berlin, in a recent issue says: "If England is to maintain supremacy even in her own markets against the United States, Belgium and Germany, she will have to emulate those countries in their scientific methods of manufacturing and doing business."

Nine-tenths of the external trade of the Bahamas, which amounted to \$1,275,000 last year, is with the United States. The principal exports of the islands are pineapples and sponges, and the imports flour and earthen glassware.

Doing One's Best.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession, says London Answers. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face, because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy work into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. This sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency, the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

The average age of the Japanese navy is lower than that of any other navy in the world. No one over twenty years old is accepted for enlistment. The average height is 5 feet 4 inches—less than the average height of any other navy in the world.

FREE to WOMEN

A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Post-paid, enough to prove the value of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic



Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water—non-poisonous and far superior to liquid antiseptics containing alcohol which irritates inflamed surfaces, and have no cleansing properties. The contents of every box makes more Antiseptic Solution—lasts longer—goes further—has more uses in the family and does more good than any antiseptic preparation you can buy.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhoea, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucous membrane.

In local treatment of female ills Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash we challenge the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharge.

All leading druggists keep Paxtine; price, 50c. a box; if yours does not, send to us for it. Don't take a substitute—there is nothing like Paxtine.

Write for the Free Box of Paxtine to-day. R. PAXTON CO., 7 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. **Successfully Prosecutes Claims.** Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 15 years civil war. 15 adj. educating claims, atty since.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. GREENE'S HOME, Box 8, Atlanta, Ga.

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Issued to soldiers of any war. Write me at once. FRANK A. KUEHL, Barth Block, Denver, Colo.

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CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow skin and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

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IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD AS IT MAY BE NEEDED ANY MINUTE.

A Slight Illness Treated at Once Will Frequently Prevent a Long Sickness, With Its Heavy Expenses and Anxieties.

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Don't wait until you have illness in your family before you order, but send at once for this valuable volume. ONLY 60 CENTS POST-PAID. Send postal notes or postage stamps of any denomination not larger than 5 cents.

BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE 134 Leonard St., N.Y.

DOBBIN'S DESPAIR.

I have no differential clutch
And no pneumatic tire;
I guess I don't amount to much,
For none come to admire
My form or speed—I have no cam;
And, to my deep remorse,
I must confess I only am
A one horsepower horse!

They used to stroke my sorrel side
And tell how I could go.
To-day they speak in tones of pride
Of some bright red tonneau.
But, though my sorrow is so great
And anger is so keen,
I'm glad to have a chance to state
I don't eat gasoline.

I don't know how to carburet,
Nor how to radiate.
When I wish to get up and get
I simply struck my gait.
'Tis true, in casting out the beam
For fairness I should try—
But! electric, gasoline or steam,
The "mote" is in my eye!

I have no wondrous steering gear,
But still they rush to see
A thing that has, I'm pained hear,
A horseless pedigree.
They used to pet me all the time,
But now they only shrug
Their shoulders, and pass by, for I'm
A poor old sparkless plug!

—Chicago Tribune.

Gloria's Love Affair.

By Paul Carson.

SIX months before Gloria Spencer left school, a new music teacher was employed in the seminary, and she was one of his pupils. He was a handsome, blue-eyed blonde, with a musical voice and perfect manners. He was also that strange creature—a male flirt. He spent the six months in winning Gloria's heart, never saying a word or committing an act that would compromise himself.

How she loved him!
"First love?" you ask.
Yes, is there anything like it? It is well that it comes but once.

He called one night to say "Good-by."

Gloria thought he was coming back. He said—

"I suppose you know that I am to be married next month?"

It was a cruel blow. Better men than he have committed murder.

An older woman would have concealed an almost mortal wound, but she grew so white that he sprang toward her.

"Don't touch me," she gasped, struggling with her agony, and then womanly pride triumphed, and into her eyes leapt a flame that literally scorched him.

"I fear you have misunderstood me," he said gently.

"Were you engaged when you came here?"

"Of course."

"Why did you make me care for you?"

Forced to answer at the bar of betrayed trust, for the murder of love, he stammered—

"Why, really; I—I—you know I did not try to do that exactly. I—wish you would not look at it that way. We have been good friends and—"

"Mr. Harlow," Gloria interrupted, "will you kindly go away?" opening the door to facilitate his departure.

"I hope we may still be friends," he ventured as he passed out.

"And I hope," she retorted, "that I shall never look on your face again, or that of anyone like you, in this world or the next."

Afterward she read of his marriage, but small as the earth is, she never saw him again.

As a result of this experience, Miss Spencer grew a trifle cynical, but pride kept any one from knowing that sorrow had passed over her heart.

At seventeen she learned that men do not always mean what they say. For ten years this fact formed a centre piece in her mind around which to group all ideas regarding the sex. At the twenty-seventh, having traveled, studied, and thought, she was a cultivated, well-informed woman, equal in intellect to most men. Every one said "Gloria Spencer will be an old maid."

One day cards were issued for her marriage: the groom-elect was a well-to-do merchant, slightly past thirty. People talked, speculated and filled the church, when the wedding, a white satin affair, occurred.

Sidney Clarke was worthy of any woman's affection, and he took his fate in his own hands when he said—

"Gloria, will you be my wife?"

She thought, "what difference does it make?" and replied—

"I do not love you, Mr. Clarke. It is not possible for me to care for any man. I loved once, and," with a cold smile, "history does not repeat itself in a woman's heart. Still, if you wish, I will become your wife."

At the end of three years Mrs. Clarke was thirty. She and her husband had never quarreled, they were good friends, but she never thought of loving him. She respected him, liked him even, and Sidney seemed perfectly satisfied with this state of af-

fairs. Out of his content, at length, grew Gloria's discontent. She began to wonder why he did not love her, arguing that he did not, on the ground that were it otherwise he could not be happy without his wife's affection.

"It does not follow that it is because I do not love him," she said, "for men have adored women who were indifferent to them. I wonder if he ever loved."

One day she asked him, "Sidney, did you ever care for a woman?"

"Yes," laughingly, "my mother."

"Not that, did you ever have a—first love?"

"Yes," gravely now, "I have had a first love."

"She jilted you, I suppose?"

"No."

"Then," her voice full of sympathy, "she is dead."

"No, she is not dead."

The conversation was interrupted then and was not resumed; but Mrs. Clarke wondered now why her husband married her, and before she was well aware of it, with all the dormant passion of her nature waking into life, she was jealous of his first love.

After awhile she began trying to win his affection. The restraint that Sidney put upon himself in those days was wonderful. His wife was so sweet and gentle, so tender and womanly, so altogether lovable, that having loved her always, the temptation to tell her so was almost irresistible. But it was the desire of his life to win her heart, and understanding her nature perfectly, he feared to speak too soon, and so waited with steaming patience until the longed for treasure should be his. At last, Gloria knew what caused the jealousy that possessed her, the eagerness to win her husband's regard, the thrill that shook every nerve at the touch of his hand.

She loved him, with the love of a woman who had lived, and suffered, and learned wisdom; the passion of her girlhood was the fragrance of the rose, this was the rose itself. It blooms once only, but the flower is immortal; the crisis in the lives of these two came unexpectedly after all. They were riding home from the theatre. The play was one in which the husband having married to please his father, eventually falls in love with his wife. They were speaking of it. Gloria said—

"Do you think people ever do fall in love after marriage?"

Sidney replied promptly:

"I know it."

"From experience?"

"No. I could not have such an experience."

Some light they passed just then flashed full on his wife's face. He saw that she had grown very pale, but she asked:

"Why?"

He could bear it no longer, and taking her in his arms, he said:

"Because, my darling, I always loved you. I could not learn it after marriage, for I worshiped you long before. Oh, love, tell me it is not in vain," and the wife of four years blushed in the darkness like a girl as she put her arms around her husband's neck and whispered:

"I have loved you ever so long, dear."

Some time afterwards Mrs. Clarke said:

"Tell me about that girl you loved long ago, Sidney."

"What girl?" in surprise.

"Have you forgotten, you told me you had a first love; I have wondered why you did not marry her."

"I did."

"Sidney?"

"Gloria?"

"You don't mean that—that—" and then she stopped, something choked her a little.

Sidney dropped his paper, got up and went over to her. He took her face between his hands, and looked down into the big gray eyes that were shining through tears.

"My dear wife," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved."—Chaparrone Magazine.

A Jap's Different Names.

Every European child can answer the question, "What is your name?" without hesitation unless he is dumb, but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he is called by different names. He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple, while prayers are addressed to the family deity. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called till he is three years old. At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed again on the occasion of his marriage and on any advance in his position.

Significant Chance.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time-honored inscription, "Hospes, salve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After rebuilding, the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" ("Pay, stranger!")



WOMAN'S DEBT TO THE BICYCLE.

Modern woman now has the authority of Molly, Countess Russell, for the fact that the bicycle has been her emancipator.

Her ladyship made this pronouncement in a lecture to the Vegetarian Cycling Club. The cult of the wheel had, she affirmed, done more for women than anything else she knew, by allowing her to be free and to go out unattended. In this spirit of independence woman no longer, as she did so recently as 1848, looked upon the male arm as a necessary piece of furniture; she could use a walking stick.—London Chronicle.

HEIRESS AN EVANGELIST.

Rejecting wealth and its attendant luxuries to enter her chosen field of evangelistic work, Miss Mary R. Robinson, daughter of a millionaire Pittsburgh railroad magnate, has gone to Chicago to speak of salvation from the pulpit of Bethlehem Chapel. Miss Robinson, who is worth \$500,000 in her own right, was director of a Pittsburgh church chorus at a large salary. The Bostonians made her an offer of \$10,000 a year to join their opera company, but she refused. Soon afterward she left home to enter evangelistic work. Her uncle, John G. Robinson, Secretary of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railway, and friends tried in vain to dissuade her.—Scranton (Pa.) Truth.

JAPANESE MAIDS.

It is high time we took thought of the Japanese woman, as a possibility of rule in the Orient—in the same sense in which the American woman is the potential ruler of the Occident—and as an influence upon universal civilization. Such men as Lafcadio Hearn and Edwin Arnold have long held up the Japanese woman to the world's imagination, and, except our own, there is none more picturesquely and more prominently in universal attention. Here is a piquant and colorful attractiveness which has made itself felt upon mankind, and the mention of her carries with it an atmosphere and suggestion of the tender, the beautiful, the lovable, essentially the "artistic." Yet, except for what Arnold and Hearn and our romances and operas and tea-cups and Japanese fans have told us, we know not much about her; know her superficially at best.

Despite the wide adaptiveness of Japan and the extensive adoption of European ideas which have characterized its progress during the last generation, the position of its women have changed little. The men of the little island kingdom have at least shown themselves conservative in their attitude toward her. A proposal to "emancipate" her is as yet viewed—or would be; nobody has forcibly urged it—as not only unnecessary, but in the nature of things absurd. The difference between her life as girl, wife and mother and that of the American girl is so great as to be almost incomprehensible to us. To regard her seriously has not occurred to the Japanese, though by no means is she denied affection, a disposition suggesting reverence, a care involving respect. To all purpose, by custom, by tradition, she is the charming, irresponsible and, as a recent writer puts it, "automatic" doll.—St. Louis Republic.

NEXT FALL'S VELVETS.

While a large business was done in velvets for the season just terminated, manufacturers have been making preparations for next season, with a view to a diversity of articles which, by enlarging the scope of consumption, would render the position of the trade more secure. The first orders secured from leading English and Parisian houses are regarded as encouraging and have served to increase the attention paid by makers to new styles.

Velours chiffon and velours gauffre are likely to be in the lead and to maintain the position they occupied last season. This will be facilitated by the many changes and improvements which have gradually taken place in their manufacture. Gauffres will be to a large extent shown in small and medium sized designs and chiefly on plain velvet grounds. The globular and block effects of last season are not likely to be in renewed favor. One of the leading novelties is a combination of the chiffon and gauffre effects, which have individually been so successful during the season just past.

Plain velours chiffon is again being shown in eighteen, twenty, twenty-two and forty-four inches. As might be expected, it has been also produced in lower grades mixed with cotton, these qualities having been taken up by wholesale buyers in place of all-silk makes. Cheap grades in narrow striped and small checked effects are no longer receiving attention, but both

these styles are being produced in good qualities. Velours crystal in light colors with wide stripes is a novelty of the latter kind.

Large dots are embossed upon good qualities of velvet, with very fine stripes. For waistings, velours raye with jaspe effects are likely to be popular.

In the collections of plaid velvets quiet designs with small embossed effects are preferred, some Paris houses having been making up models of this material.

In jacquered effects on high pile grades interwoven large and small globes are being shown. Other varieties of jacquard styles are composed of wide satin stripes with small effects.

Daily additions are being made to the collections, which seem likely to illustrate in the highest degree the progress recently made in the velvet industry.—Toilettes.



About one-tenth of the buyers in New York wholesale stores are women.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral in the Russian Navy.

It is said that an American dressmaker will do three times as much work in a day as a dressmaker in France.

Miss Mary E. Jenkins has just been elected President of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald Publishing Company. She is a thorough business woman and well acquainted with all the details of the newspaper business.

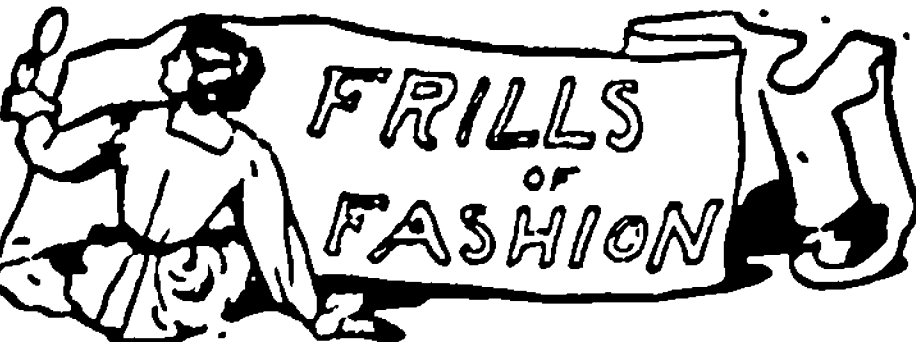
Mrs. H. A. Jaffray, who believes that cradles are out of fashion and that the rocking of infants addles their brains, was recently chosen President of the Woodlawn (Ill.) Woman's Club and is now serving her second term in that position.

Miss F. Y. Cory, who made the sixty wonderfully amusing illustrations for Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby," was married recently to Frederick W. Cooney, a ranchman in Montana, where Miss Cory has been spending several years in outdoor life.

The Wisconsin Society of Mayflower Descendants has re-elected Mrs. James Sidney Peck, of Milwaukee, to the office of its Governor, and she is said to be the only woman holding the office of Governor of a State Mayflower Descendants' society in this country.

Few women have explored with such distinguished success the devious byways of Greek archeology and mythology as Miss Jane Harrison, whose "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion" is accepted by experts as a valuable contribution to a very difficult subject.

"Nine-tenths of the women of the country are home women," said Mrs. McCulloch recently, "and have no property rights whatever. The woman who has property rights is protected by laws, but the home woman is at the mercy of her husband's generosity. The husband can dictate just how much she shall spend."



The red hat is popular with milady.

Wide sashes of soft silk trim many of the smart summer gowns.

Much cream lace is used to tone down gowns of otherwise too vivid coloring.

Colored linings for transparent gowns are slowly but surely returning to fashion.

Medallions of English embroidery are the height of vogue for decorating "tub" gowns.

Loose coats of black lace, unlined, or lined with thin black liberty silk, are the style for elderly women.

Ruches of chiffon almost universally appear on the edges of lace or embroidery when the latter are used in band effect.

Berthas and deep collars, fichus and surplice effects are the universal bodice design for swagger gowns of light weight stuffs.

A floating lace veil attached to the hat, but seldom worn over the face because it is unbecoming, is a recent fashion revival.

Bayadere tucks, sometimes of uniform width, sometimes growing narrower toward the waist, constitutes one of the season's most favored skirt trimmings.

The Funny Side of Life.

THEN AND NOW.

In days long ago (in the sixties you know) when grand a went walking she held her skirts so.
What would she say if she saw girls today with skirts clutched so tightly they all look this way?
—Inland Printer.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

Bunting—"Radium is said to be worth \$250,000 for one-fifteenth of an ounce."

Larkin—"Well, that won't be popular for Christmas presents."

NO GREAT LOSS.

"Your husband lost his temper in a little dispute we had," said Gazzam to Mrs. Bickers.

"That doesn't matter," replied Mrs. Bickers; "he has plenty left."

A HARD NAME.

"That Russian count has a name for killing his man whenever—"

"Well, if his man has to pronounce it every time he speaks to him I don't wonder."—Philadelphia Press.

EXERCISED.

Doctor—"What you need is to give your stomach continuous and vigorous exercise."

Patient—"But I have, doctor; I've been living on predigested health foods."

HIS INTENTIONS.

The Duke—"Is it true that you are going to marry an American heiress?"

The Count—"It is."

The Duke—"What's her name?"

The Count—"Don't know yet."—Chicago News.

A HOTBOX.

"What do you think now, Bobby?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hotbox."

NOT DEFINITE.

"Please print instructions for smoking sausage," wrote the constant reader to the answers-for-the-anxious editor.

"Which—the long or the fine cut?" he wrote beneath the query.—Judge.

HIS PREFERENCE.



Mrs. Kindheart—"Here's a cast-off golf suit of my husband's if you want it."

Rags N. Tatters—"Yes'm; I'd like to have it. I'd rather be taker for a golf player than freeze."

STRANGERS.

"Klooseman says he doesn't know you at all."

"I'm not surprised at all. He never sees me, you know."

"But I thought you said you were members of the same church."

"Yes, but I invariably take up the collection."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PRACTICAL.

Ponder—"Did you ever notice that most of the fires that break out suddenly and spread quickly are due to spontaneous combustion?"

Housekeep—"No, but I've often thought what a splendid thing spontaneous combustion would be if you could only keep it on tap to light the kitchen fire with."—Philadelphia Press.

SUGGESTING AN IMPROVEMENT.

The owner of the new apartment house was exhibiting it to his brother-in-law, who was an architect.

"I had it built according to my own ideas," he said, "and it's built for keeps. An earthquake wouldn't have any effect on it."

"That's a pity," said the brother-in-law. "An earthquake might improve it."—Chicago Tribune.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mrs. Bizzey—"I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just wanted to say that we don't do that sort of thing here."

Mrs. Newcome—"I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning; Mrs. Bizzey, including an old book on 'Etiquette,' which I might have saved for you."—Philadelphia Press.

Little Adams County Is in Political Luck.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.—Seven State appointments at Harrisburg are now credited to Adams county's Republican machine, which is more than are enjoyed by any other county, with the exception of Philadelphia, Allegheny and Dauphin.

The latest appointment from Adams is ex-Postmaster George E. Young, chairman of the Republican county committee, who was given an extra place in the State Treasury and ordered to report for duty next Tuesday.

Young's appointment was made by State Treasurer Mathews without consulting the Adams county machine, on the recommendation of one of his Delaware county lieutenants. Young says his appointment will not be charged to the local Republican machine, because its managers had nothing to do with it, and that if they had known he was an applicant he would not have been appointed.

He is not in good favor with some of the machine managers, and his place at the head of the county committee will be taken by Senator Pinnell H. McPherson, of Gettysburg, at the reorganization of the committee on August 2nd.

Some of McPherson's followers wanted him to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President Judge of the Adams-Tulom District, but he declined, and is supporting Judge Samuel McC. Swope, who will be renominated without opposition.

McPherson's vote for the Pennypacker press muzzler in the last Legislature will not help the Adams county machine tickle this year, and there will be more trouble if Press Muzzlers Seabrook and Bittinger are renominated for State Representatives.

Ten Thousand Churches Painted With L. & M.

There is not much money lost in buying one pint of ready mixed paint, but when a quantity is needed, then its big loss to buy any ready mixed paint. The Longman & Martinez L. & M. Paint is semi-mixed, and quickly made ready for use as follows: to four gallons of the L. & M. at \$1.65 per gallon, add 3 gallons of Linseed Oil at 50 cts. per gallon, thus making 7 gallons of paint for \$8.10 or \$1.16 per gallon. Wears and covers like gold.

These Celebrated Paints are sold by P. A. & S. SMALL, York, Pa.

Moved House, Family and All.

John W. Conlson & Bro., contractors, with a force of five men were at Westminster the early part of the week, where they accomplished a unique feat of house moving, without a hitch to the regular household routine of the family occupying the dwelling. The family ate, slept and entertained company while the carpenters placed rollers beneath the house, which was a frame dwelling, 20x48 feet, and moved it across a lot a distance of 70 feet, placing it on a new foundation. Three days were required to make the transfer.—Herald.

York Man Clubbed to Death.

York, July 1.—With a wound in the side of his head and his clothing steeped in his blood, John Keech, 25 years old, a member of a prominent York family, was found dying this morning in a lot in the rear of Banghor, Kurtz & Co.'s foundry, and about 20 feet from the Codorus Creek. As there was life in the man's body the ambulance was summoned and a start was made for the hospital, but Keech died on the way.

All evidence shows that Keech was murdered and robbed. His watch and chain were missing and pockets were rifled of all his money. A thick club found near his side was evidently the weapon with which his skull was shattered. In the opinion of the authorities Keech was murdered and Jacob Shultz, companion during last night, is being detained.

It appears that Keech and Shultz, a lifelong chum, started on a fishing trip Thursday morning and the pair had been drinking heavily during the day.

Mrs. Fry, residing on Water street, claims that between 10 and 11 o'clock Thursday night two men in a boat pulled up on the shore in the rear of her lot along the creek. They were quarreling and soon after, Mrs. Fry says, she heard a woman's voice crying: "Don't, oh please don't." There were blows struck and all was quiet. This was but a short distance from where Keech was found. Keech was a married man.

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY.—The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Randolph Wehler.

May Lose Both Legs.

C. C. Kinnard, of Red Lion, York county, was brought to York Saturday and removed to his home in Red Lion. In an accident which he sustained while he was on his way home from the world's fair at St. Louis, both his legs and one arm were horribly mangled at Dayton, Ohio. Kinnard was returning from the fair and had reached Dayton when he stepped from the train to get a lunch. He ate the lunch hurriedly, but on leaving the lunch room saw that the train was pulling from the station. Kinnard shouted and started on a run to catch the train when he was thrown under the wheels.

NO PITY SHOWN.—"For years fate was after me continuously," writes F. A. Gudge, Verbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of Piles causing 24 tumors. When all failed Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. Equally good for Burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c at Wehler's drug store."

White Bed Spreads, a good washer, at 75c and \$1.00. THE WENTZ CO., 23 Balto. Street, Hanover.

A big bargain in Ladies' Sun and Rain Umbrellas; also Gents' Umbrellas.

THE WENTZ CO., 23 Balto. Street, Hanover.

Ladies Only.

It Is Women Who Need Most Relief From Little Irritating Pains and Aches.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are for women.

Woman's delicate nervous organism tingles to the least jarring influence, and some ache or pain is the result.

The remedy is at hand—Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

They act most marvellously on woman's nervous organism, and relieve and cure the pains to which she is a martyr. Headaches, neuralgic pains, monthly pains, and all kinds of pains disappear, as if a gentle hand had lightly soothed them away. Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the head, Toothache, Backache are all cured by these "Little Comforters."

Cured without danger of disagreeable after-effects; cured quickly; cured without unnatural action on liver, stomach, or other internal organs.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills please the women, and the children take them because they are easy to take and soothe all their sufferings.

"For years I had spells of sick headache, at times suffering untold agonies. I could not endure any excitement. Going to church, and even visiting, brought on these terrible spells. I tried numerous remedies without relief until I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and they have cured me. When I feel symptoms of sick headache I take a pill and ward off the attack. When I am tired and nervous, a pill soothes me."—MRS. SARAH WATKINSON, Blairtown, Ia.

Price, 25c a box. Never sold in bulk.

FREE Write to us for Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Blank. Our Specialist will diagnose your case. Tell us what is wrong and how to right it. Free. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

NOTICE!

The citizens of New Oxford Borough are respectfully requested to read the following extracts from a few of the Borough Ordinances:—PART OF SECTION 1, OF "FOR THE GOOD ORDER AND GOVERNMENT OF THE BOROUGH."

Be it enacted by the Burgess and Town Council, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that the following offenses shall be considered as against "Good Order and Government," viz: Disturbing the peace by night or by day by shooting, unnecessary shouting, yelling, or other unnecessary or noisy proceedings, etc.

SEC. 2, OF SAME.—Any person or persons offending the provisions of this ordinance shall be liable to arrest and the payment of a fine, etc. TO SECTION 2 OF ORDINANCE "RELATIVE TO PUBLIC NUISANCES."

No person or persons shall throw, place or cause to be placed or deposited in any street, avenue, alley, lane, water course, etc., any putrid or unsound meat, fish, dead animal, skin of animal, or other offensive matter. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction before any Justice of the Peace, be fined in any sum not exceeding twenty-five dollars and costs of prosecution for each and every offense.

ALSO TO SECTION 4 OF SAME ORDINANCE.

If any privy or hog pen, slaughter house, or place where phosphate or fertilizers are kept or stored in said Borough of New Oxford, shall be kept in such condition that the smell arising therefrom shall be offensive to any portion of the citizens, the same shall be deemed a nuisance, and the owner or occupant of the lot or premises is liable, upon conviction before any Justice of the Peace, to be fined in a sum not exceeding twenty dollars.

ALSO TO SECTION 7 OF SAME ORDINANCE, which forbids the obstruction of gutters by grass, weeds, or other matter.

We trust that the citizens of our borough will be careful to observe the ordinance relative to "nuisances" and allow no filth nor offensive matter of any kind in or about their premises, as the Council intends to have the ordinance relative to nuisances put into force.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL, T. E. BOWER, Sec'y.

EMLET'S POULTRY POWDER

For the diseases of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Will positively cure and prevent

Cholera, Cholera, and Roup.

Keeps hens healthy while moulting, improves the gloss and coat of the feathers, and gives strength and vigor to growing fowls.

Nothing on earth makes hens lay like EMLET'S POULTRY POWDER.

PREPARED BY

Emlet & Jenkins,
HANOVER, PA.

SHOE REPAIRING.—The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of shoe repairing neat and cheap, at his residence on Water street, near N. O. Creamery.

LEAH P. WEAVER.

LEADS THE WORLD

Dr. V. C. Price of Chicago is the acknowledged leader of the world in the manufacture of pure food products. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts, used in millions of homes, have stood the test for purity and excellence for nearly half a century. His recent productions,

DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD

AND DR. PRICE'S TRYABITA HULLED CORN

are rapidly gaining a reputation for being the most nutritious, wholesome and best preparations in their line. The name of "DR. PRICE" on any food product is a guarantee of its being perfect in structure and quality.

Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat

My signature on every package.

Dr. V. C. Price

Dr. Price, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts.

A cook book containing 75 excellent recipes for using the Food mailed free to any address.

111

Prepared by PRICE CEREAL FOOD COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois.

FOR SALE BY D. F. SLENTZ, CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD.

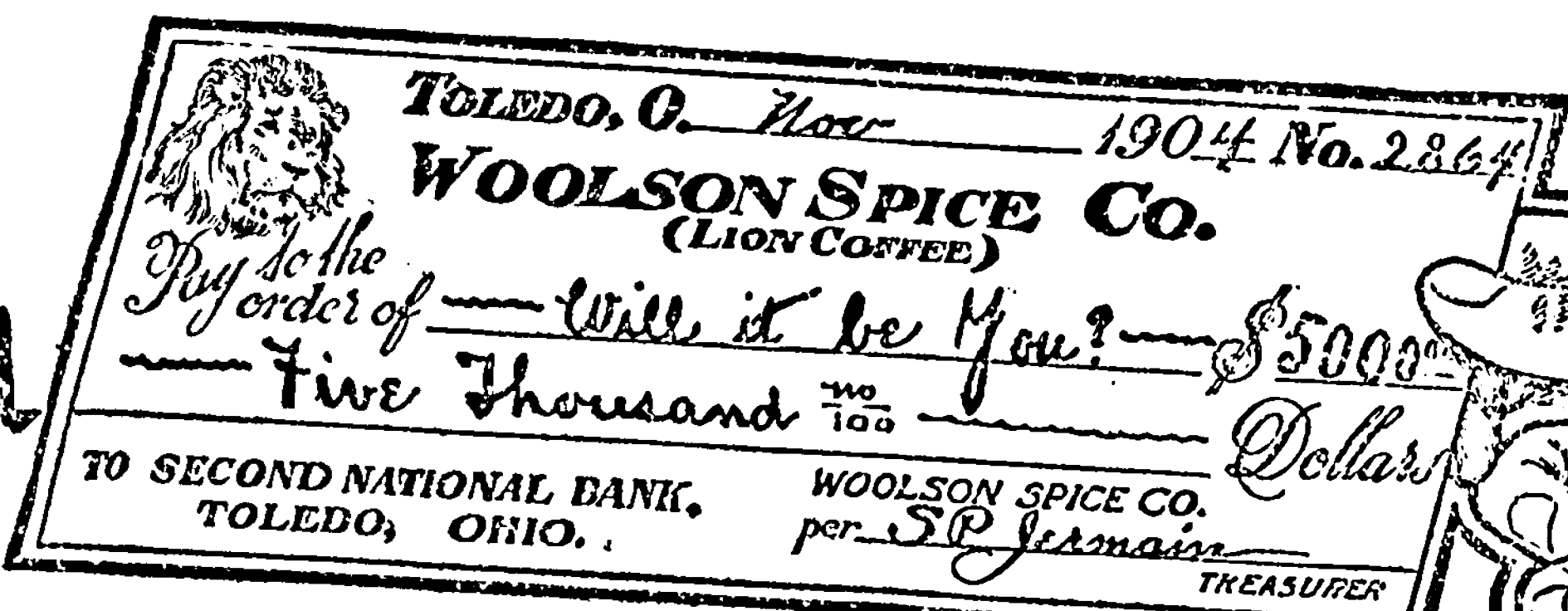
\$50,000.00

CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of

LION COFFEE

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

How Would You Like a Check Like This?



We Have Awarded \$20,000.00

Cash to Lion Coffee users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

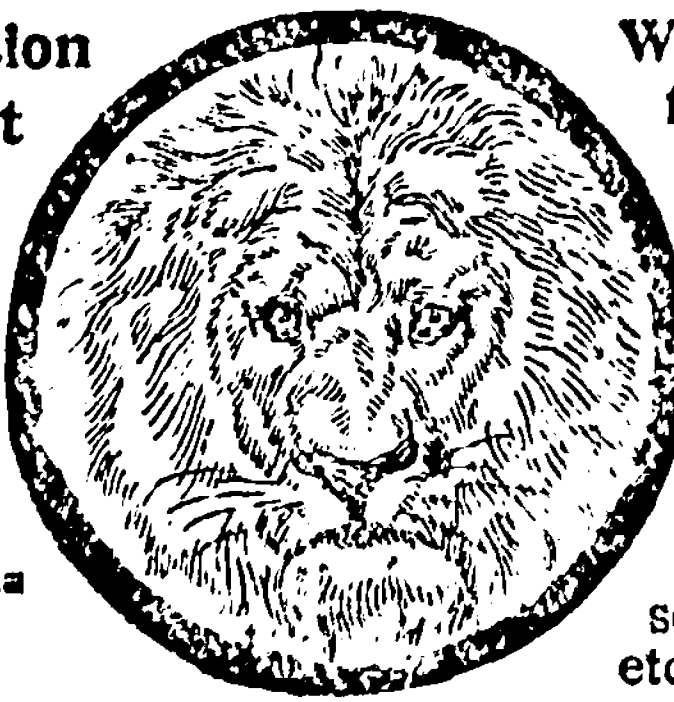
Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded.

You can send as many estimates as desired.

Grand First Prize of \$5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer \$5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocers' Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)



What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,059,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., as follows:

1 First Prize	\$2,500.00
1 Second Prize	1,000.00
2 Prizes—\$500.00 each	1,000.00
5 Prizes—200.00	1,000.00
10 Prizes—100.00	1,000.00
20 Prizes—50.00	1,000.00
50 Prizes—20.00	1,000.00
250 Prizes—10.00	2,500.00
1800 Prizes—5.00	9,000.00
2139 PRIZES.	TOTAL, \$20,000.00

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use LION COFFEE long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your Lion Heads

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEPT.)

TOLEDO, OHIO.

BRUTALLY TORTURED.—A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Golobick of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Randolph Wehler drug-gist.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,

DENTIST,

Office: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa. All work neatly done and guaranteed.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge.

WM. & WM ARCH McCLEAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Office removed to Comptroller building, Baltimore Street, a few doors above the Court House on opposite side of street.

AUCTIONEERING.

The undersigned offers his service as an auctioneer, both real and personal property, at moderate rates. Satisfaction and fair treatment assured. Call on or address: F. X. NOEL, Bonneauville, Pa.

Barber Shop Removed.

GEO. F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq., on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line.

Have your Job Printing done at the Iron office. Prices the lowest.

Slips of the Pen.

The best writers are not free from slips of the pen, and some such slips are very curious, says the Liverpool Post. Wilkie Collins, in some mysterious way, makes the moon to rise in the west. Rider Haggard, in "King Solomon's Mines," contrives an eclipse of the new moon for the diversion of the natives and the entertainment of his readers. Coleridge places a star between the horns of the crescent moon rising in the east. Shakespeare makes a clock to strike in ancient Rome at a period 2,000 years before striking clocks were invented. Robinson Crusoe, on abandoning the wreck, strips off his clothing in order to swim to shore. This, however, does not prevent him from filling his pockets with biscuits. And Anthony Trollope describes Andy Scott as "coming whistling up with a cigar in his mouth."

Cost of Hauling Freight.

The cost of hauling a ton of freight a mile on Great Britain's greatest railway is 1.45 cents; on the Pennsylvania, forty cents; and on the New York Central, forty-one cents.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Teacher Interested.

"Miss Biggs is interested in you, pa." "How so?" "Why, to-day, after she had told me seven times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what sort of a father I had."

SORE FEET SORE HANDS One Night Treatment. with CUTICURA

Soak the feet or hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning, and scaling eczema, rashes, inflammation, and chafing, for redness, roughness, cracks, and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in one night.

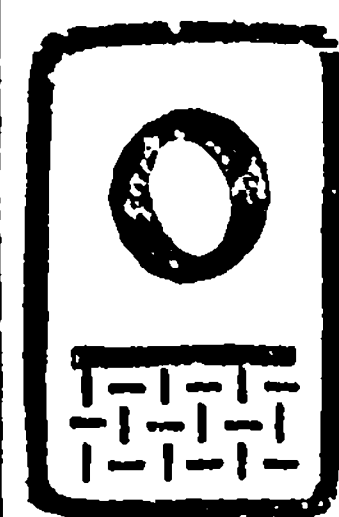
Complete Home Cure, consisting of CUTICURA Soap, 50c. Jar of Cuticure Ointment, 25c. Jar of Cuticure Lotion, 25c. Total, \$1.00. Sent by mail on receipt of the money. Address: CUTICURA, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

P. N. U. 24 1904.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cure for Lung Disease. Two bottles. Sold by Druggists.

On Owning Good Books

By Harry Thurston Peck



ONE of the greatest leaders in aesthetic thought among English speaking people, Ruskin, was a strong advocate of owning good books, going so far as to say that cheap books had a pernicious effect on the reader. There is no doubt but that this is the day of cheap books, and that with the accumulation of many cheap books one loses the relative value of the master pieces of literature. The most popular form the cheap book takes is the novel, and the season of all seasons for the novel reader is the summer time. The reading of fiction is a good recreation, but a very poor occupation, as a recreation it takes one out of one's self and away from the monotony and cares of everyday life, but as an occupation it is unwholesome, giving false ideas of life and vitiating the taste for more solid reading. There is plenty of bright, sunshining, healthy fiction which is most beneficial as a relaxation for a holiday season, but care should be taken that this ephemeral diet be not continued too long.

Own a few good editions of the standard authors, and take pleasure in the possession of them. Begin a library when youth is still with you, but begin one anyhow, even if you are old, and surround yourself with such friends as good books always are. Read and re-read your Ruskin and your Carlyle; your Shakespeare and your Horace; your Tennyson and your Timrod; they will give you thoughts which will rest your mind by the seashore or in the mountains; on the lonely country highway, or in the crowded city streets. Let your books be selected as your friends are for those qualities which last and not merely for amusement, and your youth and your old age will be crowned with friendships which bless and loves which last.

Nonsense About Society

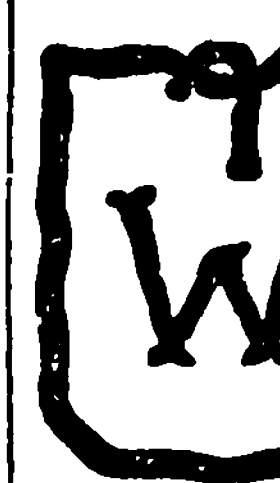
By the Editor of Collier's Weekly



NOTHING is more popular than violent denunciation of that group of persons who are usually distinguished by a capital S from other sections of universal society. This fashionable society is so safe a mark that any one who shies a brick toward it is sure to be regarded as having made a very palpable hit. We are not sure that it is to the credit of human nature that it rejoices in the most exaggerated libels of the fashionable, as it does in equal libels of the rich. Envy accounts for much in the popularity of this kind of diatribe. What is the truth about society in America, or rather in that city where all such discussion centres—in New York? It is by no means equal to the society of London, and some other foreign capitals, where the leading social organization is marked by special culture and information, as well as by sufficient leisure for social pleasures. It is not, as those foreign societies are, especially London, addicted to a process of selection, which brings a remarkable amount of training and talent into small compass. But, if one compares it not with what society ought to be, and in some places is, but with unselected humanity, the case is different. What is called society in New York averages as high and higher than people would average if taken indiscriminately from other walks of life in equal numbers. It has weaknesses enough, but nevertheless take its thousand families, or its four or five hundred, or whatever number you like, and you will get a quality of human competence and intelligence above the ordinary level. Its conspicuous absurdities are committed by a few; the men who are part of it, without being devoted to it, are as good as the average, and the women are much above the average. This is faint praise, where opportunities for better things are great, but even society should have its due.

The Charm of the Mushy Blonde

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



WHY do so many men admire the type of women which other women of more pronounced coloring describe contemptuously as the mushy blonde? Why does the girl whose complexion has the mealy whiteness of a baked potato and whose general aspect suggests that she was grown in a cellar please by her very absence of intensity?

Sunlight fades her. The white light of the ballroom extinguishes her. She never has any eyebrows and her eyes have the wan coloring of a rain-washed flower.

She is very slender and her whole body droops and flaps helter and skelter like the ensign of a becalmed yacht.

And yet, nine times out of ten in the matrimonial shuffle, she wins out.

She is not a great belle, to be sure, but, then, everybody knows that a great belle seldom marries well. Her dance card is seldom more than half filled. But it usually has some very eligible names on it, and when she decides which one of them she would like to have on her visiting cards she proceeds to make it hers.

The secret of the mushy blonde's success is not difficult to fathom. She is not often beautiful, seldom intelligent and rarely if ever fascinating. But she knows how to cling. And when a specially desirable specimen of masculinity comes along, she gets him interested by the judicious exercise of the clinging faculty.

She makes capital of her lack of beauty—she is not pretty like Blanche or Mabel—what can such a great big man see in such a homely little thing?

Her very brainlessness, such is her adept use of it, becomes a weapon. She is so stupid! It is so good of him to explain so many things to her that she thought she never could understand. But he makes them so easy! Who would have thought she would ever learn to know the difference between a "hull" and a "bear," and what buying on margins means and all the other wonderful things that he has told her?—New York World.

Foresees a Yellow Peril

Present Conflict Might Lead China Against the Anglo-Saxon

By Frank G. Martin



THE student's prophetic eye the present struggle is but a prologue to the far more imposing drama of war sooner or later to ensue, whose theatre will be Eastern and Central Asia, and whose dramatic personae will embrace the armies and navies of the mightiest nations of the earth. Sooner or later the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav must grapple for ascendancy in the Far East in a sanguinary struggle between antipodal types of civilization. Sooner or later the Anglo-Saxon—for who doubts that the Anglo-Saxon brow will wear the bay of victory in the final test of strength with the Slav—must meet the problems of a possible yellow peril—a struggle of races.

The contest may be long and fierce—the issue was foreseen before hostilities began. In all probability the puny hand of Japan cannot stay the giant hand of Russia. Most certainly England, not improbably the United States—very likely these two powers in league will pronounce the ultimate "thus far and no farther" to Russia's voracious march of dominion. Japan worsted, Russia will undoubtedly cling to Manchuria—perhaps acquire Korea—and then turn again to imperil the British Empire by attempting to gain a foothold in Tibet, or the coveted outlet to the Persian Gulf. When the inevitable great struggle comes; when Slav and Anglo-Saxon stake all upon the fortunes of war in Asia—that will be no local conflict, but a universal epic of battle.

Assuming the final triumph of the Anglo-Saxon over the Slav, the victor is foreseen entering China, peopled with one-fourth the whole human family, bearing the open lamp of Occidental enlightenment, and development, as it were, into a vast powder magazine of Mongolian menace. Taught to cultivate the arts of war and peace by Western models, how long ere sleeping China awakes to a realization of her strength, turns upon and rends her would-be benefactors, and, employing in menace the weapons she will have been taught to use in beneficence, sweep over Asia, cross into and overrun Europe, and repeat the terrors of the invasion of the Tartar hordes under Genghis Khan and Timur.

Beaten in Our Own Field.

Philippine imports of iron and steel and manufactures thereof for the calendar year 1903 show an increase of approximately 10 per cent over those of 1902. The figures are \$2,102,915 for 1903 and \$1,909,679 for 1902. Of the total for the two years the United States secured only about 23.7 per cent. More than three-quarters of the trade was captured by our English and European competitors.

Dogs in the Army.

The "dogs of war" in these days assist in field hospital work. In Germany and Italy St. Bernard dogs have been trained for years so as to aid, after an engagement, bearer parties in their search for the wounded, especially at night. Russia, apparently, has no canine corps, and Major Richardson of Carnoustie, England, who has made a specialty of training ambulance dogs, has received a communication from St. Petersburg asking him how many he can supply for service in the Far East.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It's an awful handicap for a girl to have a younger sister who is a real beauty.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

There is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

A man knows less after marriage than a woman does before.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAUPE, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1902.

A machine for condensing sea fog into drinking water has been invented.

Export, the organ of the Central Commercial Geographical Union, of Berlin, in a recent issue says: "If England is to maintain supremacy even in her own markets against the United States, Belgium and Germany, she will have to emulate those countries in their scientific methods of manufacturing and doing business."

Nine-tenths of the external trade of the Bahamas, which amounted to \$1,275,000 last year, is with the United States. The principal exports of the islands are pineapples and sponges, and the imports flour and earthen glassware.

Doing One's Best.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession, says London Answers. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face, because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy work into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. This sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency, the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

The average age of the Japanese navy is lower than that of any other navy in the world. No one over twenty years old is accepted for enlistment. The average height is 5 feet 4 inches—less than the average height of any other navy in the world.

FREE to WOMEN

A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Post-paid, enough to prove the value of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic



Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water—non-poisonous and far superior to liquid antiseptics containing alcohol which irritates inflamed surfaces, and have no cleansing properties. The contents of every box makes more Antiseptic Solution—lasts longer—goes further—has more uses in the family and does more good than any antiseptic preparation you can buy.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhoea, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucus membrane.

In local treatment of female ills Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash we challenge the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharge. All leading druggists keep Paxtine; price, 50c. a box; if you do not, send to us for it. Don't take a substitute—there is nothing like Paxtine. Write for the Free Box of Paxtine to-day. R. PAXTON CO., 7 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PENSION JOHN W. MOHRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 13 years civil war. Is all educating claims, city states.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. E. M. GREEN, 208 N. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo.

I PAY SPOT CASH FOR MILITARY LAND WARRANTS BOUNTY
Issued to soldiers of any war. Write me at once FRANK H. KUGLER, Barth Block, Denver, Colo.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow skin and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

You Should Own This Book!

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD AS IT MAY BE NEEDED ANY MINUTE.

A Slight Illness Treated at Once Will Frequently Prevent a Long Sickness, With Its Heavy Expenses and Anxieties.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR

By J. HAMILTON AYERS, A. M., M. D.

This is a most Valuable Book for the Household, teaching as it does the easily-distinguished symptoms of different Diseases, the Causes and Means of Preventing such Diseases, and the simplest Remedies which will alleviate or cure.

608 Pages, Profusely Illustrated.

This Book is written in plain every-day English, and is free from the technical terms which render most doctor books so valueless to the generality of readers. This Book is intended to be of Service in the Family, and is so worded as to be readily understood by all.

60 Cts. Post-Paid.

The low price only being made possible by the immense edition printed. Not only does this Book contain so much Information Relative to Diseases, but very properly gives a Complete Analysis of everything pertaining to Courtship, Marriage and the Production and Rearing of Healthy Families; together with Valuable Recipes and Prescriptions. Explanations of Botanical Practice, Correct Use of Ordinary Herbs. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged with Complete Index. With this Book in the house there is no excuse for not knowing what to do in an emergency.

Don't wait until you have illness in your family before you order, but send at once for this valuable volume. ONLY 60 CENTS POST-PAID. Send postal notes or postage stamps of any denomination not larger than 5 cents.

BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE 134 Leonard St., N.Y.

Little Adams County Is in Political Luck.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.—Seven State appointments at Harrisburg are now credited to Adams county's Republican machine, which is more than are enjoyed by any other county, with the exception of Philadelphia, Allegheny and Dauphin.

The latest appointment from Adams is ex-Postmaster George F. Young, chairman of the Republican county committee, who was given an extra place in the State Treasury and ordered to report for duty next Tuesday.

Young's appointment was made by State Treasurer Mathews without consulting the Adams county machine, on the recommendation of one of his Delaware county lieutenants. Young says his appointment will not be charged to the local Republican machine, because its managers had nothing to do with it, and that if they had known he was an applicant he would not have been appointed.

He is not in good favor with some of the machine managers, and his place at the head of the county committee will be taken by Senator Tumbill P. McPherson, of Gettysburg, at the reorganization of the committee on August 24.

Some of McPherson's followers wanted him to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President Judge of the Adams-Tulsa district, but he declined, and is supporting Judge Samuel McC. Swope, who will be renominated without opposition.

McPherson's vote for the Pennypacker press muzzler in the last Legislature will not help the Adams county machine ticket this year, and there will be more trouble if Press Muzzlers Seabrook and Bittinger are renominated for State Representatives.

Ten Thousand Churches Painted With L. & M.

There is not much money lost in buying one pint of ready mixed paint, but when a quantity is needed, then its big loss to buy any ready mixed paint. The Longman & Martinez L. & M. Paint is semi-mixed, and quickly made ready for use as follows: To four gallons of the L. & M. at \$1.65 per gallon, add 3 gallons of Linseed Oil at 50 cts. per gallon, thus making 7 gallons of paint for \$8.10 or \$1.16 per gallon. Wears and covers like gold.

These Celebrated Paints are sold by T. A. & S. SMALL, York, Pa.

Moved House, Family and All.

John W. Coulson & Bro., contractors, with a force of five men were at Westminster the early part of the week, where they accomplished a unique feat of house moving, without a hitch to the regular household routine of the family occupying the dwelling. The family ate, slept and entertained company while the carpenters placed rollers beneath the house, which was a frame dwelling, 20x48 feet, and moved it across a lot a distance of 70 feet, placing it on a new foundation. Three days were required to make the transfer.—Herald.

York Man Clubbed to Death.

YORK, July 1.—With a wound in the side of his head and his clothing steeped in his blood, John Keech, 25 years old, a member of a prominent York family, was found dying this morning in a lot in the rear of Baugher, Kurtz & Co.'s foundry, and about 20 feet from the Co. Creek. As there was life in the man's body the ambulance was summoned and a start was made for the hospital, but Keech died on the way.

All evidence shows that Keech was murdered and robbed. His watch and chain were missing and pockets were rifled of all his money. A thick club found near his side was evidently the weapon with which his skull was shattered. In the opinion of the authorities Keech was murdered and Jacob Shultz, companion during last night, is being detained.

It appears that Keech and Shultz, a lifelong chum, started on a fishing trip Thursday morning and the pair had been drinking heavily during the day.

Mrs. Fry, residing on Water street, claims that between 10 and 11 o'clock Thursday night two men in a boat pulled up on the shore in the rear of her lot along the creek. They were quarreling and soon after, Mrs. Fry says, she heard a woman's voice crying: "Don't, oh please don't." There were blows struck and all was quiet. This was but a short distance from where Keech was found. Keech was a married man.

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY.—The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-slag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Randolph Wehler.

May Lose Both Legs.

C. C. Kinnard, of Red Lion, York county, was brought to York Saturday and removed to his home in Red Lion. In an accident which he sustained while he was on his way home from the world's fair at St. Louis, both his legs and one arm were horribly mangled at Dayton Ohio. Kinnard was returning from the fair and had reached Dayton when he stepped from the train to get a lunch. He ate the lunch hurriedly, but on leaving the lunch room saw that the train was pulling from the station. Kinnard shouted and started on a run to catch the train when he was thrown under the wheels.

No PITY SHOWN.—"For years fate was after me continuously" writes F. A. Guldage, Verbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of Piles causing 24 tumors. When all failed Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. Equally good for Burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c at Wehler's drug store.

White Bed Spreads, a good washer, at \$75 and \$1.00. THE WENTZ CO., 23 Balto. Street, Hanover.

A big bargain in Ladies' Sun and Rain Umbrellas; also Gents' Umbrellas, THE WENTZ CO., 23 Balto. Street, Hanover.

Ladies Only. It Is Women Who Need Most Relief From Little Irritating Pains and Aches.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are for women.

Woman's delicate nervous organism tinges to the least jarring influence, and some ache or pain is the result.

The remedy is at hand—Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

They act most marvellously on woman's nervous organism, and relieve and cure the pains to which she is a martyr.

Headaches, neuralgic pains, monthly pains, and all kinds of pains disappear, as if a gentle hand had lightly soothed them away. Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the head, Toothache, Backache are all cured by these "Little Comforters."

Cured without danger of disagreeable after-effects; cured quickly; cured without unnatural action on liver, stomach, or other internal organs.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills please the women, and the children take them because they are easy to take and soothe all their sufferings.

"For years I had spells of sick headache, at times suffering untold agonies. I could not endure any excitement. Going to church, and even visiting brought on these terrible spells. I tried numerous remedies without relief until I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and they have cured me. When I feel symptoms of sick headache I take a pill and ward off the attack. When I am tired and nervous, a pill soothes me."—MRS. SARAH WATKINSON, Blairstown, Pa. Price, 25c a box. Never sold in bulk.

FREE Write to us for Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Blank. Our Specialist will diagnose your case, tell you what is wrong, and how to right it. Free. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

NOTICE!

The citizens of New Oxford Borough are respectfully requested to read the following extracts from a few of the Borough Ordinances: PART OF SECTION 1, OF "FOR THE GOOD ORDER AND GOVERNMENT OF THE BOROUGH."

Be it enacted by the Burgess and Town Council, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that the following offenses shall be considered as against "Good Order and Government," viz: Disturbing the peace by night or by day by shooting, unnecessary shouting, yelling, or other unnecessary or noisy proceedings, etc.

Sec. 2, OF SAME.—Any person or persons offending the provisions of this ordinance shall be liable to arrest and the payment of a fine, etc. TO SECTION 2 OF ORDINANCE "RELATIVE TO PUBLIC NUISANCES."

No person or persons shall throw, place or cause to be placed or deposited in any street, avenue, alley, lane, water course, etc., any putrid or unsound meat, fish, dead animal, skin of animal, or other offensive matter. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction before any Justice of the Peace, be fined in any sum not exceeding twenty-five dollars and costs of prosecution for each and every offense.

ALSO TO SECTION 4 OF SAME ORDINANCE.

If any privy or hog pen, slaughter house, or place where phosphate or fertilizers are kept or stored in said Borough of New Oxford, shall be kept in such condition that the smell arising therefrom shall be offensive to any portion of the citizens, the same shall be deemed a nuisance, and the owner or occupant of the lot or premises is liable, upon conviction before any Justice of the Peace, to be fined in a sum not exceeding twenty dollars.

ALSO TO SECTION 7 OF SAME ORDINANCE, which forbids the obstruction of gutters by grass, weeds, or other matter.

We trust that the citizens of our borough will be careful to observe the ordinance relative to "nuisances" and allow no filthy or offensive matter of any kind in or about their premises, as the Council intends to have the ordinance relative to nuisances put into force.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL, T. E. BOWER, Sec'y.

5-13-11

EMLET'S POULTRY POWDER

For the diseases of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Will positively cure and prevent

Cholera, Gripes and Croup.

Keeps hens healthy while moulting, improves the gloss and coat of the feathers, and gives strength and vigor to growing fowls.

Nothing on earth makes hens lay like EMLET'S POULTRY POWDER.

PREPARED BY Emlet & Jenkins, HANOVER, PA.

SHOE REPAIRING.—The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of shoe repairing neat and cheap, at his residence on Water street, near N. O. Creamery.

LEAH P. WEAVER.

LEADS THE WORLD

Dr. V. C. Price of Chicago is the acknowledged leader of the world in the manufacture of pure food products. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts, used in millions of homes, have stood the test for purity and excellence for nearly half a century. His recent productions,

DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD AND DR. PRICE'S TRYABITA HULLED CORN

are rapidly gaining a reputation for being the most nutritious, wholesome and best preparations in their line. The name of "DR. PRICE" on any food product is a guarantee of its being perfect in structure and quality.

Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat

My signature on every package. Dr. V. C. Price

Dr. Price, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts.

A cook book containing 76 excellent receipts for using the Food mailed free to any address.

Prepared by PRICE CEREAL FOOD COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois.

FOR SALE BY D. F. SLENTZ, CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD.

\$50,000.00 CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of LION COFFEE

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

How Would You Like a Check Like This?

We Have Awarded \$20,000.00 Cash to Lion Coffee users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

Grand First Prize of \$5,000.00 will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer \$5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocers' Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use LION COFFEE long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your Lion Heads

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEPT.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1 First Prize \$2,500.00
2 Second Prize 1,000.00
3 Prizes—\$500.00 each 1,000.00
5 Prizes—200.00 " 1,000.00
10 Prizes—100.00 " 1,000.00
20 Prizes—50.00 " 1,000.00
50 Prizes—20.00 " 1,000.00
250 Prizes—10.00 " 2,500.00
1800 Prizes—5.00 " 9,000.00
2139 PRIZES, TOTAL, \$20,000.00

BRUTALLY TORTURED.—A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equalled. Joe Golobick of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Randolph Wehler drug-ist.

Have your Job Printing done at the ITEM office. Prices the lowest.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER, DENTIST, OFFICE: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa. All work neatly done and guaranteed.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Office removed to Compiler building, Balto. more Street, a few doors above the Court House on opposite side of street.

AUCTIONEERING. The undersigned offers his service as an auctioneer, both real and personal property, at moderate rates. Satisfaction and fair treatment assured. Call on or address: F. X. NOEL, Bonneauville, Pa.

Barber Shop Removed. GEO. F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq., on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line.